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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ········ Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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[CONTINUED.]

His (Mr. Burleigh's) friend had said that it was every man's duty to vote, because thereby he could do something for the overthrow of Slavery, and said, suppose we get the public sentiment on our side, there is still the law against us. But what was the law against the public opinion of the land? When the public sentiment had come to be decisively and earnestly on the side of freedom—when they had men everywhere who stood up to the line, 'No compromise with Slavery—No Union with slaveholders'—then they would see that the Constitution, if they attempted to wreath it round the limbs of the slave, was weaker than a rope of sand, and the Fugitive Slave Law more powerless than the rust which crumbled to fine powder last year (loud cheers); then they would see that it is vain for judge or legislator to attempt to keep a slave in his chains against the fiat of that public sentiment which says, 'Stand fast in the liberty which God designs to give you' (applause).

His friend had made a supposition, that the ranks of the Disunion Abolitionists should increase until they were in the majority, and then asked how they would answer for it if, the time having come when their votes would give liberty to the slave, they refrained from exercising their right, and left the slave in the hands of those who would make his burdens heavier than before? If the time ever came that fire was kindled among the icebergs of Greenland and consumed them, without destroying everything within its reach; if the time ever comes when the heaving gasses shall burst forth from the volcano's throat, and pour no red tide upon the towns and cities below—what then? Why, then the laws of nature would be reversed (laughter and applause). And so, if the time ever came that a vote cast into the ballot-box would be the turning weight between Liberty and Slavery, then the laws of mind would have been reversed, and the laws of moral action become altogether different from what they now were.

But suppose they had a majority of the people on their side, and yet the pro-slavery Constitution and the pro-slavery laws remained—what then? This majority would be made up of precisely those elements which are the most effective—the young men, just entering upon the duties and responsibilities of manhood—the women, from the girl at the district school up to the matron, watching by the future rulers of the land. The politicians, as they well know, who were busy with the machinery of politics, with its chicanery, and quibbles and quirks, would be the last persons to come into the Anti-Slavery ranks. Well, here was a man who refused to be a slave, and walked off into the free State lying nearest to him. How were they going to get him back? It took rather more than the ordinary force of the city of Boston, he believed, to take poor Thomas Sims out of the city as a slave; and yet, how very small a number of the citizens stood upon thorough Anti-Slavery ground! Had there been one full-grown man out of twenty in the city of Boston, at that time, they could no more have taken Thomas Sims back to Georgia than they could have moved Wachuset into the Dismal Swamp. Nay, not so much; for the latter is possible, though not probable; but the former is neither probable nor possible (cheers).

He had, however, been proceeding upon a proposition utterly impossible ever to be realized. Men were not converted to the true faith at once. As the Anti-Slavery sentiment was held up to its highest point of elevation, it would draw all men unto it. Some would come the whole way, some half way, some a quarter of the way—Gerrit Smith, John P. Hale, Charles Sumner leading them on. Men in the Democratic and Whig parties—he did not know about the Whig party, but whatever stood in the place of the defunct Whig party—who were in favour of freedom, would act in its behalf. Everywhere, in all organizations, there would be men in favour of freedom, and the laws would be changed by the votes of those who did not see as they (the Abolitionists) did. The laws would be changed long before they came to that point where an entire majority were ready to come into the Free Soil organization, in order to bring about that result; and this being his belief, he did not see, even in the argument of expediency, anything inconsistent with high-toned Anti-Slavery sentiment.

In conclusion, Mr. Burleigh said he wished to say a few words in reference to a point which had been commented upon by some of the preceding speakers—the position of men in Congress who claimed to be truly and decidedly Anti-Slavery. One of two things, it seemed to him, must be true: either the Constitution did tolerate Slavery, did give the guaranties to the slave system which it was claimed that it did, or that Congress is no Congress at all. If it were true that the Constitution was thoroughly Anti-Slavery, if it were true that slaveholding was a violation of the law of the land—in plain English, was a *crime*—then every slaveholder, under a just administration of that law, would be liable to be sent to the Penitentiary, rather than to Congress. He would not venture to say in which place he thought he would meet the more respectable company, at present (laughter and cheers); but his political position and influence might differ somewhat with the difference of his circumstances. If this theory is the correct one, the so-called Congress was no more a Congress than any assembly of bar-room loafers, nodding over glasses of whiskey or brandy; and every man who went there became a party to a monstrous lie. When Gerrit Smith goes up to Congress, he goes to become a member of a body which, on his own theory, has no existence; and recognises as members of that body a clique of irresponsible men, who have no right to legislate for the country, and by whose acts the country is no more bound than the State of Pennsylvania would be bound by a vote that should be passed by that meeting.

His friend had said that we might tolerate some things which we did not recognise as right; that a representative in Congress might tolerate the presence of those there who were the representatives of slaves, with the express understanding that, as soon as he could, he would thrust them out. Let him say that to the officer appointed to administer the oath, and see if he would have an opportunity to take the oath! He would have no right to administer it, under such circumstances. If his friend could do this, and tolerate the legislation of a body of men claiming to be the Congress of the United States, and contrive to recognise that as binding upon us, then he was carrying toleration to an extent where 'forbearance ceased to be a virtue,' if it did not become something of a very different character. No man had a right to tolerate a class of men as legislators who had not the least shadow of constitutional authority to occupy legislative positions. It was a toleration fatal to the very principles of political freedom.

He came, then, to this conclusion: Government was artificial, and our right to take any part in it results from a compact, and that compact based upon conditions, if conditions were prescribed. As a matter of fact, the conditions prescribed by this government were a certain measure of adherence with, and aid to, the slave system. Therefore, as he, and those who believed with him, could not accept those favours which government proposed to grant on these conditions, they adopted the motto, 'No Union with Slaveholders,' turned from the ballot-box, and gave their votes here, in the ears of the people, and abroad through the land, in the publications of the press (applause).

Stephen S. Foster said he wished that the speakers on the other side of the question would tell us just what they think of the United States Constitution—whether they think it an Anti-Slavery or a Pro-Slavery instrument. With those who truly believe it an Anti-Slavery document, and act accordingly, and vote only for such men as themselves hold the same view, and will also act in accordance therewith—with such we have no controversy.

Mr. Foster said their was no Anti-Slavery party in the country. The *Free Soil* party Anti-Slavery? He would like to see the evidence of it. What had it done? Here were three millions of men and women that were recognised by the government of the country only as brute beasts. Did the Free Soil party propose to extend its protecting arm over the humblest slave in the South? Had any responsible member of the party ever said that it did? He had asked the question often, and had always to wait for an answer. He defied any man to put his finger on a single sentence, from the lips of any prominent Free Soil speaker, declaring their determination to make the government of the United States a government that should protect all the inhabitants dwelling beneath its flag. He wished it occupied that position; and if it did, he would be the last man to make any warfare upon it. He wished that a party would spring up in this country that should give Slavery no sanction; but such a party did not exist, unless they considered Gerrit Smith's party such an one; and he did not understand Gerrit Smith, even, to have taken this ground.

He regarded the Free Soil party as one of the worst obstacles to the progress of the cause of freedom. Why was it that the tens of thousands of Abolitionists in this Commonwealth and throughout New England were not extensively engaged with them in the great work of revolutionizing public sentiment, and establishing in this nation a government before the laws of which all men should stand as equal—a government that should know no master and no slave? Simply because they had been beguiled and deluded. They had been induced to believe that, in voting for certain men to hold high stations in the country, they had voted for those who would sustain the great principle of liberty for all—who would claim impartial justice for every dweller on our soil. They were sadly mistaken. Neither John P. Hale nor Charles Sumner, nor Joshua R. Giddings, nor any other representative of the Free Soil party, had ever breathed such a sentiment. He challenged any man to produce the evidence that they had done so.

Mr. Foster said he did not know how it might be with others, but, God being his helper, he would never receive a privilege that he must purchase at his neighbour's expense; he would never receive protection from a government, and acknowledge his allegiance to it, that allowed one human being to be outraged under its flag. When they could be shown a government which extended its protecting arm alike over all, there was a government they could respect and support. It was in vain to tell him that the government would protect *him*, and therefore ask for it his support. It was in vain to point him to its enormous wealth and its prosperity, as evidence of the beneficial influence of the government. He pointed them to the three million slaves, who had loaded it down for generations with groans and execrations. Charles Sumner had told them that the Union was twice blessed, and asked honest Abolitionists to bless it, and thank God for it. A government that dooms every sixth woman to pollution under its flag—a government that ought to be execrated by every human being—Charles Sumner tells us is a government that is 'twice blessed'! Horace Mann had declared that, among all the governments of the earth, this government was to be preferred. A government which perpetrated every enormity in the name of Christianity and religion—that sold babies on the auction-block, and doomed every sixth woman in the land to prostitution—Horace Mann called upon them to respect as the best form of government in the world! He knew of nothing so well calculated to lull to sleep the partially awakened consciences of the community, and to blunt their moral sensibilities, as this twaddle of the Free Soilers Let them read Charles Sumner in Faneuil Hall, denouncing the Fugitive Slave Law; and then let them read Charles Sumner in the Senate Chamber, declaring that the great effort of the country should be to bring back this government to where our fathers placed it!

What did the Free Soil party propose to do? Was it to elect another General Cushing to one of the highest offices in the gift of Massachusetts? He would like to hear from some prominent man of the Free Soil party, some man who understood its principles and character, what it had dene. It had challenged their support. Mr. Mann had asked them to give the Free Soil party their votes. He was ready to give Mr. Mann his, the moment he proved himself worthy of it, provided he could do so consistently with principle; but he had an objection to promising to do what he did not intend to perform. He looked at the Constitution as a unit. If he could not do anything which it required to be done in good faith, then he would reject it as a whole. He treated it as he did the Church. He would like very well to be among those clerical brethren assembled in various parts of the city, and tell them some salutary truths, which they would not be likely to hear, unless some radical should go in among them. But he could not do this, without professing what he did not believe, and promising what he did not mean to perform. So he staid away, simply because he could not go as an honest, straight-forward, out-spoken man. For the same reason, he could not go to the ballot-box. If he were a knave, he could go there. There was not a church or a political party he could not enter if he were a dishonest knave. He had never seen any special necessity for going into them; but if he had, rather than violate his convictions of truth and duty, he would stand outside of them for ever. They could act as effectively outside of them as within; and he chose to stand outside of the camp, and to save it, rather than to enter in, and be a partaker in its iniquities.

But his object in rising was simply to draw the attention of the audience to the point under consideration, and to express the hope that they would not mingle up so many things as they were prone to do. He was not a little surprised at the indifference of the first speaker (Mr. Wasson) in regard to the pro-slavery guarantees of the Constitution. He (Mr. F.) asked him if he would enter an omnibus, provided he were required to conform to certain rules and regulations, one of which was to kiss the toe of the driver? The question had not been answered. The point was just this. There is the Constitution. Will you swear to support it, with its guarantees respecting the foreign slave trade, the return of fugitive slaves, the suppression of slave insurrections, and the three-fifths slave representation? It was the popular idea that these were guarantees in favour of Slavery. Did the gentleman agree with that idea of the Constitution? If he believed it an Anti-Slavery Constitution, totally at variance with Slavery, let him say so, and all controversy, so far as the resolutions before them were concerned, was at an end, and he could come and stand with them and still sustain his idea. But if he believed, with ninety-nine hundredths of the people of this country, that the Constitution is a pro-slavery instrument, then did he mean to say that he could swear to support it? And if he cannot swear to support it himself, could he aid in electing any other man to swear to support it? It seemed to him that the gentleman could not vote for any man until he was prepared to take office himself—until he was prepared to say that the Constitution is strictly Anti-Slavery, or, being pro-slavery, that he can swear to do what he does not mean to do.

Mr. Foster said he did not know that the American Anti-Slavery Society would spend any time in discussing the character of the Constitution with men who really believed it to be Anti-Slavery. He knew only that the American and the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies had declared that Slavery was a sin, and ought to be immediately abolished; that they had declared they would support nothing which sanctioned Slavery; and believing that the Constitution of the United States is pro-slavery, they had denounced it as a "covenant with death and an agreement with hell." They found the three great parties of the country standing as obstacles to the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause. They had a controversy with these parties, and more especially with the Free Soil party, because, while assuming to be Anti-Slavery, it supported this slave-holding and slave trading government, and, therefore was more dangerous to the cause of liberty than the others.

In conclusion, Mr. Foster again expressed the hope that gentlemen who came upon that platform would let the audience understand clearly their position. No man who believed the Constitution to be Anti-Slavery was pro-slavery, and no pro-slavery man practically believed it to be Anti-Slavery. He was not very particular to know what they believed; he wanted to know what they *did*. That man was not a true Anti-Slavery man, whatever he professed, who voted for a man who believed in the pro-slavery character of the Constitution, any more than those Whigs who passed Anti-Slavery resolutions, and then went off and voted for Henry Clay. They wanted to know, then, what men DID. Let there be no evasion. If a man believed the Constitution to be Anti-Slavery, and yet voted for a candidate who believed it to be pro-slavery, then he was supporting a pro-slavery Constitution, and was worse than any other class in the community, because, on his own showing, he supported a candidate who perverts the Constitution to make it uphold Slavery.

Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was next introduced to the audience. He said that he could not endorse the position taken by the previous speaker (S. S. Foster), that they should first acknowledge the Constitution to be pro-slavery, before they were permitted, as Free Soil men, to justify their positions. He maintained that the Constitution was an Anti-Slavery document; and if Free Soilers could prove that in so far as the General Government had jurisdiction, it was Anti Slavery; if they could prove that they surrendered nothing in principle or policy by subscribing to it, then he thought they might act under it without rendering themselves liable to the charge of inconsistency.

The Constitution had been abused, and it was the duty and privilege of Free Soilers to labour to secure for it such an interpretation as justice and reason demanded; and when it was so interpreted, he believed that the action of the General Government would meet their approbation.

In the first place, he would call their attention to the fact, that there were express powers delegated by the people of the States to the General Government, and an express reservation of all these powers which were not expressly granted therein to the States and the people. There was no one of these powers that refers, directly or indirectly, to Slavery. Gentlemen had said there that the Constitution had been expounded by the Supreme Court, and that they were bound to adopt that statement of the Supreme Court as the final interpretation of the Constitution. He found no such privilege over our consciences granted in the Constitution. He believed that the true position was, that the decision of the Supreme Court was to be the present rule of conduct for the officers of the Government, but never for the consciences of the individual voters. It was in the power of the Supreme Court to reverse its previous decision, as Chief Justice Mansfield reversed the decisions of the English courts, in favour of liberty on English soil. Even if it were true that they could not carry out all its provisions in favour of Liberty and against Slavery, they maintained that they had a right to use it, and, having ascertained the general scope and spirit of the instrument, interpret it in accordance with that general spirit. Now, what did the proviso to the Constitution say? Not that the Government was organized to establish Slavery, but to "establish freedom, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." We were bound to suppose, in the absence of positive proof to the contrary, that this was the meaning of what follows in the instrument. The word "slave" is nowhere to be found in the Constitution, and was stricken out from the original draft, because our fathers would not recognise the principle that man might hold property in man.

Some gentleman had said that the Constitution must be pro-slavery, since Southern men voted for it. The same might be said of the Declaration of Independence, which was adopted unanimously by the slaveholding States; and yet, would any one pretend to say that there was anything in the Declaration of Independence which could be construed to justify Slavery? Could the most ultra Abolitionist find any thing in that glorious Declaration, directly or indirectly, sanctioning Slavery? No! The truth was, that the people of the United States were then smarting under tyranny; had known what it was to be enslaved by a foreign monarch, and, on adopting a form of Government, they refused to admit the idea of human Slavery. The Constitution gave them great power of legislation on the subject of Slavery, but never required one sacrifice of principle. Besides, he would have the audience remember, that according to the opinion which had been expressed on that platform, it was not the Constitution which upheld Slavery, but the public sentiment of the country. Would gentlemen deny that, were a Constitution to be drawn up by the most rigid and consistent Abolitionist, and subjected to the scrutiny of a pro-slavery Congress—would they deny that the letter of such an Abolition document would be construed to mean just what the people wanted it to mean? It was necessary that they should rectify public sentiment, and not waste their time and strength in efforts which, he must be excused for saying, were opposed to the dictates of common, practical, every-day sense.

He did not agree in the position taken by a previous speaker (Mr. Burleigh), that government was an artificial thing. It was as natural to man as society itself. Among the rudest men, we found some form of Government, and we found, also, that the perfection of Government increased as the nation increased in manhood. They could not stand outside of the Government, and refuse to act under it. As well might a captain of a ship, amid the howling of the tempest, refuse to take the helm, and keep the vessel from the breakers, because there was a weak spot in her timbers.

Mr. Blackwell said he wished now to call their attention to some of the good results which had flowed from the adoption of the Constitution. The African slave trade had been abolished. So important was this trade considered by the South, that they made an express stipulation that it should not be abolished for twenty years; but at the end of that time, it *was* abolished. Had it not been for the adoption of that instrument, we should now have had thirty million slaves on this continent, instead of three and a half millions.

In the next place, they had unlimited power over the District of Columbia, and full control over the territories, and, as soon as they should so choose, they could abolish Slavery in the District, and say to the foul spirit, 'Thus far, but no farther—not another square mile of territory shall you blast with your odious presence.' He was not willing to give up these glorious privileges, and surrender the broad and fertile territories of the West to become a den of licentiousness—a den of thieves. By the grace of God, the Free Soilers meant to stay the march of this gigantic wrong.

Some questions had been asked there in respect to the position of some of the Free Soil members of Congress. But where was the Free Soil man who was not in favour of the immediate extension of the Wilmot Proviso, to exclude Slavery from all the territories? Where was the Free Soil man who was not in favour of the immediate abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia? Where was the Free Soil man who was not in favour of the immediate and unconditional repeal of the accursed Fugitive Slave Law? Where was the member of the Free Soil party who did not recognise and support the 'higher law' of God against the lower law of man? (Applause.) Where was the Free Soil man who would not pledge himself to rescue a fugitive from the clutches of his pursuer, even in the face of fines and imprisonment? He knew many a good Free Soiler in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, who would tell them that he believed the Constitution to be an Anti-Slavery document—that every word in it was imbued with the spirit of freedom and right; and who would tear his heart out of his bosom before he would act under it if he believed it to be the accursed thing it had been there described.

Now, as to the question of representation, upon which so much stress had been laid, it was true that our fathers, for the sake of securing a government, did consent that, in apportioning the representation, five slaves should be counted as three freemen. But did they thus give their sanction to the slave system? He thought not. If he were to take a carriage and ride out with a slaveholder to view the beautiful environs of Boston, would he thereby sanction his slaveholding? If the powers conferred upon the general government are now pro-slavery, the mere fact of slaves being counted as a basis of representation, however impolitic, involved no guarantee of Slavery itself.

But where was the proof, in the Constitution, that this three-fifths representation was a representation of slaves? There was no evidence of this to be derived from the words of the instrument; the only evidence lay in an indirect implication. It was just so in regard to what was called the Fugitive Slave Clause. Notwithstanding that he might be willing to admit that slaves were intended to be implied in the phrase 'other persons,' still, if the objects of the confederacy were strictly defined, and no sanction was given to Slavery, then they would certainly grant that it was no sacrifice of principle to accept it. Such was the fact.

The Fugitive Slave Clause was not a power conferred upon the General Government. As all the leading Free Soilers had expressly contended, it was a compact between the people of the States who entered into the Union. If there was any obligation to give up fugitives, it rested solely with the States themselves. The courts had made their decisions upon it, but we were not bound to execute any decision which conflicted with the higher law of God. If there were any clauses in the Constitution which conflicted with the straight-forward principles of right, we were bound to set them aside, and regard them as the idle wind. In the vigorous language of a noble New England poet (J. R. Lowell), whose words were familiar to thousands who live on the broad praires and along the mighty river of the West—

> 'Though we break our fathers' promise, we have nobler duties first,
> The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed;
> Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod,
> Than be true to Church and State, while we are doubly false to God'

In saying this, he believed he spoke the sentiments of Free Soilers generally. When they had succeeded in repealing the Fugitive Slave Law, and secured the right interpretation, he did not believe that it would be possible to prove, to the satisfaction of twelve Northern men, that any slave claimant had a right to his so-called property. It was because the South knew this, that they were so unwilling to yield the usurped power they had conferred upon the Federal Government.

In relation to the bugbear of the power of the Union being pledged to put down slave insurrections, he had only to quote the opinion of John Quincy Adams, that the carrying out of the clause in reference to this subject would result in the emancipation of the slaves, since the local law would in such case be superseded by martial law, and the master could give no evidence to prove his claim to hold property in his fellow-being. Now, he would ask them candidly to consider the results of giving up their jurisdiction in this matter. They tied themselves hand and foot, and gave themselves over to the enemy. It had been justly said, that Mr. Garrison was not so much feared at the South as some Free Soil men. If he could sit down with a dozen Georgia slaveholders, or any other Southern men, and explain to them that these Abolitionists would not raise up their hands to strike out the law which provides for returning fugitive slaves, they would not give five dimes for Mr. Garrison's head. For his part, he felt like exercising all his rights against the atrocious system. He had been to the South; he had friends there; and the more he saw of the infernal system, the more fully was he convinced that it was worse than the worst representations that had ever been made upon the Anti-Slavery platform.

Then there were other provisions in the Constitution. They had personal guarantees of the most express and liberal kind. Gentlemen had claimed, and he granted, that the word 'persons' was sometimes intended to cover slaves. But the same interpretation of words must go all through any instrument which is subject to criticism; and so, if the word 'persons' was intended to mean slaves, in the representation clause, then all the guaranties of personal liberty given to 'persons' belong to slaves also. The people were guarantied the right to bear arms, and, of course, by implication, to use them; they were guarantied the right to assemble peaceably; the right of free discussion; the right to hold property. There was no law in the Southern States which legalized Slavery, and the right interpretation of the Constitution would break the fetters from every black man's limbs in the Southern States.

Every word in the Constitution was right—was in favour of liberty. He had studied it carefully. For four years after he became of age, he had declined to vote, because he supposed, from the representation of friends, that the Constitution was pro-slavery. Finally, he concluded to examine it for himself, and the scales fell from his eyes. He called upon them to examine the Constitution for themselves. He called upon them to remember that Government was a necessity; that they could not escape from it; that their property would be taken from them, in the shape of taxes, and used to uphold Slavery, whether they would or no. For his part, if his money was to be taken from him, he was determined to say, so far as his vote went, 'You shall not use it to uphold this accursed system!' (Loud cheers.)

He had come to that Convention as a listener and a learner. The West looked to New England for instruction and example. He had been surprised to find, in the city of Boston, merchants of high standing, whose sole protection was in the acknowledged sanctity of property, advocate the propriety of taking a man from himself. There was work yet to be done in Boston, and he came there to listen while they tried to do that work. If they could show him that, in voting under the Constitution, he necessarily endorsed Slavery, they should never hear him advocate Free Soil doctrines again. But he thought they could not show it. The people of the United States were a people of political instincts. They were the children of men who had fought for the right of suffrage on many a hard-won field of glorious strife. He had recently visited the battle-field of Concord, and he did not feel that the men who fought there were pro-slavery men; that the result of that contest was a pro-slavery triumph. He did not despair of the Government of their common country. The noble people of the West would come here to look upon the glorious battle-fields of New England, and inhale the inspiration of freedom with the pure air, and that would nerve their hearts and strengthen their hands, and they would work with their tongues and pens, in their caucuses and political meetings, and in every other way. They would give those pro-slavery men no jot or tittle the advantage. They should not take their votes from them, but they would make them tremble before the zeal and enthusiasm of their labours. They had organized to make them return fugitive slaves; the friends of freedom would organize, not only to keep their fugitives, when they had got them, but to create such a moral sentiment as should crush the foul system of Slavery beneath its weight. They would not cut off any arm of their power; they would surrender no right which could be used in the slave's behalf; but they would struggle for freedom in every way, and would struggle for freedom for ever (loud applause).

Mr. Garrison said, 'The legs of the lame are not equal.' To undertake to rescue the Constitution from the charge of pro-slavery, and make it coherently and logically Anti-Slavery, in the face of all the facts attending its adoption and administration, was as difficult as to blot the sun from the heavens at mid-day. His eloquent friend had said, that the Constitution was all that we could desire it to be—was just what Liberty required. And yet he had admitted that, by that very Constitution, the slaveholders were permitted to represent three-fifths of their slaves on the floor of Congress. How could that be? He asked him where the evidence of such a provision was to be found—and he still renewed the inquiry. On his (Mr. B's) own mode of reasoning, the Constitution was an Anti-Slavery instrument, with no word in favour of Slavery in it; yet he had admitted that three-fifths of the slave property at the South were, under the Constitution, represented by the slaveholders, and, of course, for the slaveholders benefit. He had admitted again, that fugitive slaves are included in the clause relating to persons escaping from service or labour. And yet, the Constitution is not pro-slavery!—goes for liberty!—is all that can be desired! It seemed to him that to state these contradictions was sufficient to refute them. Whether the Constitution is Anti-Slavery or not; whether it goes for slave-catching or not; whether it grants the right of slave representation or not; all these things are done under it, and have been sanctioned, without a note of remonstrance, as a matter of course, ever since the formation of the government. Now he would appeal to the civilized world, if there was ever a more glaring absurdity than to attempt, in the face of our national history, in view of the injustice of this country toward the coloured race for two hundred years, to persuade the people that they have totally misunderstood the matter, and what they had supposed to be black, was altogether white? Did not Washington, and Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, and John Marshall, and their contemporaries, understand the Constitution? Yet they held but one opinion about it. Reference had been made to the opinion expressed by John Quincy Adams, to the effect that, in case a great national exigency should occur—a formidable invasion from abroad, for example—Congress would be justified in abolishing Slavery, under the war power, as a measure of national self-preservation. But this was clearly an exceptional case, and did not affect the question under consideration. What Mr. Adams thought of the Constitution itself, in its relation to Slavery and the slave trade, he has told the world in very explicit language—as follows:

> '*It cannot be denied*—THE SLAVEHOLDING LORDS OF THE SOUTH prescribed, AS A CONDITION OF THEIR ASSENT TO THE CONSTITUTION, *three special provisions* TO SECURE THE PERPETUITY OF THEIR DOMINION OVER THEIR SLAVES. The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandise, under the name of persons. . . . To call government thus constituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and Slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is to establish an artifical majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress; AND THEREBY TO MAKE THE PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.'

Did John Quincy Adams understand his country's Constitution? Were his allegations entirely destitute of truth? Why, there was not a Court in the country which did not recognise the pro-slavery character of that instrument; there was not a legislative body which did not recognise it; Congress had uniformly done so; and also the National Executive and the Supreme Court. The people had always regarded it in the same light, and the people could not be mistaken, because it was the embodiment of their will. He (Mr. G.) deemed it inexcusable to attempt to whitewash the character of the framers of the Constitution, by representing that they intended to give no sanction to Slavery, and declaring that they were the friends of impartial liberty. Such a statement was against all the facts of their lives. Why not seek to whitewash the character of the men who passed the Fugitive Slave Law? *The Fugitive Slave Law!* Had not the passage of that Law convulsed the whole country? Was not all Europe filled with horror in view of it? But, according to the logic of his friend from Ohio, no such Law has ever been enacted by Congress, or attempted to be enforced by the government! All this prodigious excitement—this world-wide feeling of moral indignation—was the result of gross misapprehension! He called upon his friend from Ohio to show that the Law, so universally execrated, contained one single sentence or word which authorized slave-hunting or slave-catching, or required the surrender of fugitive slaves! It referred solely to 'persons held to service or labour'—using the exact language of the American Constitution. Now if the words 'persons held to service or labour,' in the Constitution, cannot, do not, and were never intended to apply to fugitive slaves (and this is the ground assumed by those who maintain the Anti-Slavery character of that instrument), then it is just as certain that they can have no such meaning or application in what is called the Fugitive Slave Law. But as it would be to outrage the intelligence of the country to deny that the express design of that Law was the seizure of fugitive slaves, and the punishment of such persons as sought to secrete them, so it is equally preposterous to assert that the Constitution contains no compromises on the subject of Slavery.

When did the white people of this country ever exhibit any feelings of compassion, any friendliness of spirit, for the coloured population? For two centuries, they had outraged them in every way, and trodden them like ashes under their feet! When had it been possible for them, intelligently and purposely, to adopt a Constitution, embracing on equal terms with themselves, those whom they had thus cruelly despised and systematically prescribed? Never!

This conflict with the Slave Power was not simply a matter of verbal criticism, but it had reference to an overshadowing and an all-controlling system of oppression, which was to be met and vanquished by something more potent than an ingenious play upon words. We have been challenged to prove that the word SLAVE is in the Constitution—that it contains anything adverse to human liberty. It is true that no such word is found in the instrument; neither did it ever contain the words 'foreign slave trade'—yet, for twenty years after its adoption, that trade was prosecuted under the American flag, as a legitimate branch of the commerce of the country—*as a constitutional right*. It is equally certain that, in their treatment of the coloured people, our fathers were guilty of great injustice, before God. They did not take the black man into their embrace; they did not recognise his manhood; and to this hour he is treated more like a leper than an American citizen.

So, then, it was not true that our fathers made an Anti-Slavery Constitution. In their state of mind, it was morally impossible for them to do so. It was not their intention to do any such thing. Doubtless, it was a very easy thing, on that platform, for his friend from Ohio to make the Constitution all Anti-Slavery; but what would the South make of it? *And with his interpretation of it, where was the Union?* Did they suppose that the South meant to submit to such a criticism as that—meant to yield to an Anti-Slavery interpretation of the very instrument they had fashioned themselves, and which was shaped exactly to their own liking? It was the acme of infatuation!

As for the remark of his friend, that the South preferred the action of the old organization to that of the Free Soilers, was it so? It was a novel piece of intelligence. If the South did not understand his position, and that of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in regard to the Union and to voting, it was not because they had not tried to make it plain. The truth was, the old organization was the only one which Southern slaveholders respected, because they clearly understood the issue presented to them, inflexibly and uncompromisingly. But, as for this attempt to get round the bargain, this quibbling about words, the South held it to be equally despicable and dishonest; and they would regard such an interpretation as a virtual declaration of war, if its enforcement were attempted. They would feel themselves justified in rising up as one man, and shedding the last drop of blood in their veins, to prevent the carrying out of this interpretation. Our fathers did agree to sustain Slavery; the people agreed to it; and the instrument remains as it was originally, in regard to its pro-slavery compromises. He, and those who acted with him, acknowledged the sin, and would not attempt to cloak it; therefore, they could not consent to be members of a government that upheld it, and required acquiescence and participation in it. Therefore it was that they washed their hands of it, and stood outside with God and innocency, crying in the ear of the world, '*No Union with Slaveholders, religiously or politically!*' (great cheering)

Mr. John T. Hilton defended the course and position of the old-organized Anti-Slavery Society, and said the coloured race (to which he belonged) had always recognised Mr. Garrison and his associates as their true and clear-sighted friends. He thanked God for preserving this Society, for preserving and prolonging the life of Mr. Garrison, and enabling him to speak in fitting terms of the corruptions and iniquities of the slaveholders.

Adjourned.

Evening.—Edmund Quincy in the chair.

The Convention was addressed by Lucy Stone and Wendell Phillips.

G. W. F. Mellen read a paper to the Convention, on which no action was taken.

Adjourned to Thursday morning, 10 o'clock.

THURSDAY.

The Convention re-assembled at the Melodeon, and was called to order, at 10 o'clock, by Francis Jackson.

Rev. Andrew T. Foss, of Manchester, N. H., addressed the Convention in an earnest speech, introducing and speaking to the following resolution:

Resolved, That the cry of infidelity which the church and clergy of this land are raising against those who expose their sin is an old trick, which was played by the Jews against Jesus, and by the Catholics against Luther; that it is insincere, and fast becoming powerless.

E. G. Leach, of Boston, denied some of Mr. Foss' statements, but was obliged to admit that Dr. Brisbane (who has emancipated his slaves) was admitted to only one Baptist church in Boston, while Dr. Fuller, the slaveholder and apologist for Slavery, was admitted to Dr. Sharp's pulpit, to Dr. Neale's, and to the chief places of Baptist honour.

Henry C. Wright indignantly opposed the idea that any book or any being, man or God, could make Slavery right.

Geo. W. Putnam, of Lynn, formerly a lecturing agent of the Massachusetts Society, by leave of the Convention, made a statement in regard to what he considered the harsh and unjust course pursued toward him by the General Agent and the Agency Committee of that Society.

Mr. May, the General Agent, replied to him, and gave a very different version of the story, appealing to credible witnesses. Mr. Phillips, of the Agency Committee, also sustained the course which that Committee and the General Agent had taken in Mr. Putnam's case, showing that it was the course which their duty, in a wise and economical use of the money in the Anti-Slavery treasury, required them to adopt—and which that Committee had, on the maturest consideration, directed the General Agent to pursue.

Mr. Phillips made an earnest appeal to the Convention for funds, to aid in carrying the cause forward in New England during the ensuing year.

On motion of W. L. Garrison, adjourned to the afternoon.

Afternoon.—Francis Jackson in the Chair.

Daniel Foster spoke of the necessity of using the ballot in order to abolish Slavery, and referred to the course taken in England on the abolition of West India Slavery. He admitted, however, the superior worth of the moral agitation of the question, such as that in which the American Anti-Slavery Society and its auxiliaries are engaged, without which every other effort must fail and die. He thought the Free Soilers allowed themselves to be unjustly prejudiced against Mr. Garrison and his associates; and he urged his Free Soil friends to come to the meetings and the platform of old-fashioned Anti-Slavery, that a more thorough union between them and the moral agitators might be formed.

W. L. Garrison, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That inasmuch as the condition of membership in the American Anti-Slavery Society is, simply, the recognition of the self-evident truth, that no man can hold property in man, that immediate emancipation is the right of the slave and the duty of the master; as that Society neither disciplines nor excommunicates any member on any charge of acting inconsistently with his Anti-Slavery professsion; as its platform is as open to its opponents as to its friends, and free to all; and as the great instrumentality for the peaceful abolition of Slavery is the utterance and application of the truth to the consciences and hearts of the people; it follows, that, so long as the Society is true to its fundamental principle, it furnishes common ground for all those who claim to be anxious for the overthrow of the slave system, and secession from it is an indication of a factious spirit, or of conscious unwillingness or inability to meet the responsibilities of the cause and the duties of the hour.

2. Resolved, That no man, who consents to stand on the Anti-Slavery platform, or standing where he may, no man who professes to be the friend and advocate of the slave, especially if he occupy a high, responsible station, has a right to claim exemption from Anti-Slavery criticism, or to construe it into a personal affront, or to plead his unquestionable and unquestioned Anti-Slavery acts as entitling him to go unrebuked in cases where he is regarded as found wanting.

3. Resolved, That it is not only the right but the duty of the professed friends of the slave to be watchful and jealous, lest there be any compromise of his rights, and to admonish each other whenever or wherever there seems to be a dereliction from the strict line of Anti-Slavery principles; and whoever takes offence at this, or withdraws himself from our platform in consequence thereof, shows himself to be consciously in the wrong, and unable to vindicate his position.

Mr. Garrison sustained the resolutions at considerable length. [Speech in a future number.]

Parker Pillsbury, in a speech of much ability, argued the weakness of the position occupied by New England Free Soilers generally.

Mr. Garrison hoped that the meeting would not disperse, until they had heard a statement respecting a coloured man—a father and husband—now in this meeting. Mr. Mitchell, perhaps, would like himself to tell his story.

Jacob Mitchell, a coloured man, about 45 or 50 years of age, and of prepossessing appearance, came forward and said that he, with many others, had been a slave, and at his master's death, became the property of his master's daughter. After some years, she died in a consumption, and then, said he, my liberty was bequeathed to me, but I was kept in Slavery eleven years longer than I should have been. When I got my freedom, I married a wife, with whom I lived twenty-one years, as man and wife should live, in peace and good will. I worked hard, and tried to buy my wife out of Slavery. I paid $1300 towards it. Now they are trying to sell my family from me, notwithstanding what I have paid. I have a wife and seven children, and I know not where they are—whether they are in jail, or on the way to a distant slave State. But I have come to the conclusion, that I will spend my life in getting them back. Friends, I do not want to marry your daughters, or to sit in your parlours, or to be your lawyer, minister, or doctor; but I do ask that I may enjoy the liberty which belongs to a man, such as all desire for themselves. Now, if you please to aid me in my effort to obtain my family again, it would rejoice my heart.

Mr. Garrison added a few remarks on the attempted escape of Mr. Mitchell's family, about last Christmas—and their severe sufferings from the excessive cold weather which they then had to encounter. One of the daughters had her feet so badly frozen, that she lost three of her toes. At Bedford, they made themselves known to a coloured man—a coloured Methodist minister—and he betrayed them to their pursuers! Their owner, in revenge for their attempted escape, now demands $3,500 for them, and has offered to sell them, to be carried farther South.

Mr. G. said he would add, that he had never seen the man who more perfectly realized his ideal of 'Uncle Tom' than did Jacob Mitchell.

Charles L. Remond said he felt it his duty to take exception to some of Mr. Mitchell's remarks. He referred to what Mr. M. had said to the audience, that he did not wish to marry their daughters, sit in their parlours, be their lawyer, doctor, minister, &c. He would not censure Mr. M. for this language, who, brought up in Slavery, might naturally speak as he had done, without considering that, in so speaking, he was compromising the claim of the coloured man to hold a social position in all respects on an equality with the white man, and to be lawyer, doctor, minister, or whatever he chose. But when he saw that remark applauded by that portion of the audience who, just before, had been uttering their noisy and disgraceful exclamations in behalf of Daniel Webster and other pro-slavery men, he could not restrain his indignation. He told those men that he knew the vileness and meanness of their hearts—that the spirit of negro-hate was rife in them, that spirit of which Boston and the North was yet so full, and which had been so plainly manifested in the galleries that afternoon—and that they would themselves turn slave traders, if they had the money and the courage for it. Mr. Remond

continued, for some time, in a strain of indignant eloquence.

[Mr. Mitchell went through the meeting, and obtained $73.]

WILLIAM J. WATKINS added a few remarks.

At a late hour, adjourned.

EVENING—EDMUND QUINCY in the chair.

Mrs. OLIVE BEARSE came forward, and, in a few words, dictated by deep feeling, bore her testimony against the oppression of the land—both physical and spiritual.

W. L. GARRISON, from the Business Committee, introduced the following resolutions:

Resolved, That, as members of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and friends of that open and uncompromising hostility to Slavery which allows no party and no sect to hold a place in our regards paramount to this cause of justice and humanity, we desire, anew and emphatically, to express our thanks to those men and women in Great Britian and Ireland, who, for many years past, have annually sent their liberal and noble gifts to the treasury of our cause; and who have laboured, with a most instructive and self-denying devotedness, in the dark hour as well as in the bright day, in sickness and weariness as well as in health and strength, to awaken the people of their own land to the terrible wrongs done to the slave in this—and to obtain from every Christian church and every Christian man and woman in the mother land, their steadfast protest against those wrongs, their prayers to Heaven for the speedy triumph of Freedom and of Right, and their stern resolve to have no union with slaveholders or with their apologists, such as shall imply, in the least degree, a social or a religious consent to their crimes.

Resolved, That, in this connection, we cannot forbear to refer, with pleasure, to the marked change in the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, the organ of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, since the resignation of its former editor, and the accession of its new one; its attitude towards the American Anti-Slavery cause being now impartial and friendly, its spirit towards the movement which this Convention represents frank and courteous, and its rebuke of the pro-slavery churches and ministers of this country earnest and keen, and sure to be effective on both sides of the Atlantic; and we trust that no feeling of sect, or spirit of selfishness, will be allowed to poison the Anti-Slavery sentiment which is now growing and gaining strength in every just and humane heart of the civilized world.

Mr. JOHN C. CLUER said he wished to say a few words in reference to a remark which had been made at a previous session, respecting a Scotch lady who had been kind enough, and some people said *meddling* enough, to ask the American ladies—very politely and very delicately indeed—to use their influence to remove the only real plague-spot of this country. The remark to which he alluded was to the effect, that the speaker (Mr. PUTNAM) had very little confidence in the Anti-Slavery of any person, when British tyrants complimented them. It so happened that the lady (the Duchess of Sutherland), had been among the foremost in all the reforms that touched the elevation of the working classes in that country (loud cheers). He recollected, when he was a mere lad, taking great interest in the agitation for the 'ten hour system' for factory operatives, himself being one; and when he grew up to manhood, and took an active part in that agitation, the names of the Duchess of Sutherland and Lord Ashley were associated with this great movement. Now, because Lord Ashley and the Duchess of Sutherland were rich, was that any reason why he should not accept their help to work out his emancipation from Slavery in the cotton factory? He thought there was much consistency manifested by those parties who had addressed the people of this country on the subject of Slavery, inasmuch as they did not do it until they had obtained for the British operative his ten hours as a legal day's labour, in the cotton factories of that country—a thing not yet accomplished in *democratic* America.

He would just refer to that very beautiful lady, the wife of an ex-President, of whom they had all heard. Where had that woman been brought up? (Great laughter.) Did she ever go to a public school? What had her reading been confined to? The fact was, that the whole thing of which that communication complained—(which must have been written by the husband of the ex-President's wife, or somebody else as imbecile), had been done away with, through the labours of the people, in bringing the case before the English Parliament. The abuse of the miners was one of the things of the past in that country. He recollected labouring six months, some years ago, among the miners in two of the mining counties, and at the end of that time had the pleasure not only of seeing great numbers of them become temperate men and women, but also of seeing twelve of them go up to London, and appear before the House of Commons, and demand and obtain their rights from that Parliament. And Lord Ashley and the Duchess of Sutherland were active participators in the movement in their behalf; and he did not see why it would not be a very good thing for the ex-President's wife to set a similar example, in imitation of what they have done across the water (applause).

There were tyrants in England—plenty of them; there were scoundrels connected with the British government, undoubtedly; but where did they find sympathy? Among the slaveholders and the apologists for Slavery in this country (great applause). What papers were they in England, that apologized for Slavery in this country? The same papers that denounced every struggle for freedom among the working classes at home. There was not a liberal journal in all Scotland, from John o'Groat's to Land's End, whose every pulse did not beat in favour of liberty and against Slavery, the world over. There was not a dirty, mean, contemptible tory journal in Britain, that went for the union of Church and State, and for hereditary descent, that did not lend its influence to prop up the system of Slavery in this country (cheers).

When men talk about these things, it would be as well for them to learn something of the facts in the case. Show him a skulking, contemptible emigrant from the other side of the water, who would flatter and fawn to the slaveholder, and he would show them a rascal, who was the enemy of the working-classes of the country he had left (great applause). He hated and despised such with his whole heart. He knew there were many in Great Britain who struggled hard for their daily bread, but he would say that they could not find a factory child in the cities, and towns, and villages of old Scotland—his own dear native land—or in England, or in poor down-trodden Ireland, who would not spit in the face of the richest tyrant on earth who should talk to them about selling themselves, and exchanging situations with the slave. They would sing the wrongs of Slavery, in America as well as in their own land, and many a time had the poor operatives of that country gathered their ha'pence together to raise as much as would pay for a gallery ticket to the theatre, to witness "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In the mud cabins of Ireland, in the weaving-shops of England, in the huts of Scotland, the woes of the slave were touching the hearts of the people, and they forgot their own sufferings in those of their fellow-creatures on this side the water; and they would never be induced, by the twaddle of American sympathy for themselves, to withhold their denunciations of the foul and villanous system of Slavery. They spurned the proffered sympathy of those who bought and sold human beings as good as themselves.

Mr. Cluer said, in conclusion, that he liked every movement in favour of liberty, whether it was for the black or the white. He was not an Anti-Slavery man because the subjects of Slavery were black, but because they were men and women, and it was manhood that he recognised (loud cheers). He cared nothing about creeds, country or colour, but he thought there was that in manhood which should at least have fair play. He liked the spirit of the gentleman (Mr. Remond) who spoke on that platform in the afternoon, who asked for no privileges, but demanded the rights of manhood, and would take nothing less.

Mr. PUTNAM insisted on the opinions he had expressed in the morning.

REV. THEODORE PARKER then, amidst much applause, took the floor, and delivered an eloquent and able speech, of which a full report will be given hereafter.

His theme was 'The General Aspect of Slavery,' and in its consideration, he took a wide range, alluding especially to the views held by the ultraists of the South, which he illustrated by numerous quotations from a work recently issued by Mr. De Bow (a gentleman connected with the Census Department at Washington), the Richmond *Examiner*, and other sources. He considered the chief allies of the slave system to be the false political idea, that Slavery is a source of political power, the influence of the servile class, who had something to gain by truckling to the Slave Power, and a godless clergy, who sought to pull humanity down to the dust.

But there were mighty forces on the side of freedom. There was a vast political power enlisted on its side; there were a noble clergy, the moral sense of the civilized world, and the influence of woman, also on its side. He thought the Abolitionists had much to encourage them, and that they could use the language of St. Paul, 'Now is our salvation nearer than when we first believed.'

WENDELL PHILLIPS, after a few remarks, moved the adoption of the resolutions before the Convention.

The vote was taken, and the resolutions were adopted by a general vote.

☞ Notwithstanding the almost incessant rain during the sessions of the Convention, the meetings were crowded throughout, day and evening, and a very deep interest in the discussion was manifested. The Finance Committee collected the sum of about $470 in money, and received pledges, to be paid in the course of the year, to the amount of $910.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *President.*

SAMUEL MAY, JR., }
ALONZO J. GROVER, } *Secretaries.*

ANTI-SLAVERY IN A SLAVE STATE.—A correspondent of the Syracuse *Chronicle* states that all the members of the Unitarian Society in St. Louis, who were slaveholders, have lately emancipated their slaves unconditionally, without banishment to Liberia, or anywhere else. It is further stated that the Society referred to is one of the largest in St. Louis, and that formerly a considerable number of its members were holders of property in the bodies and souls of fellow-men. "Well may we rejoice in these drops, trusting that they are the forerunners of the heavy rains of repentance that shall wash out this stain of Slavery from all the churches in the land, or else wash away the churches themselves, as no longer fit to be endured."

Selections.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN UNION.

AT the half-yearly meeting of this Association, held at Cheltenham (England), on Wednesday, May 4th, JOHN B. ESTLIN, Esq., of Bristol, moved the following resolution:

"That, at the present period of unexampled interest throughout the civilized world on the important subject of American Slavery, this meeting considers that Unitarian Christians are called upon by their principles and position as a religious body to respond to the solemn appeal of the 'British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society,' and earnestly hopes that at the approaching anniversary of the 'British and Foreign Unitarian Association,' a faithful and Christian exhortation may be addressed to our brethren of a common faith in America, affectionately entreating them, in some way corresponding to their social influence and elevated religious views, to bear their testimony against Slavery, and to use their utmost efforts for its speedy abolition."

"That a copy of this resolution be sent to the Committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, with a request that they will take such measures for carrying it out as may in their judgment be most efficient."

Resolved, "That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the 'British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society,' with the sincere thanks of this meeting for the timely and valuable address to Christians of all denominations, a document eminently calculated to aid and encourage American Abolitionists in their ardous and unremitting labours, and which it is hoped will, under the Divine blessing, be instrumental in arousing the Christian community to a sense of its duty to the oppressed slave."

Mr. ESTLIN said, it would be seen that the resolution referred to the portion of the report that noticed the address of the "British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society" to Christian churches. He observed that a year ago he should have felt it requisite, on such an occasion, to have made some statements explanatory of the nature of American Slavery, but "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has rendered that unnecessary; it had instructed Englishmen that, to force men contrary to their will to the performance of oppressive labours all their lives, and to rob them every day of their daily earnings, was not exactly carrying out the Christian rule of "doing to others as we would that they should do to us," notwithstanding the exhortations of American clergymen to the contrary: and England's heart was at length compelled to feel sympathy with those who had to see an aged mother, a beloved sister, a beautiful daughter, separated from their dearest ties by men boasting of their Christianity and liberty, placed on the auction-block, and sold to the highest bidder. As the "British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society" had paid the Unitarians a compliment, not always bestowed on them by their orthodox brethren, in considering them as a portion of the *Christian* church, he would proceed to show what were the relations of the Unitarians of America with the Slavery question. Compared with other religious sects in the United States, the Unitarians were few. The Baptists, for instance, had 8,000 ministers, and about a million church members. Unitarians had 244 societies, of which 235 were in the eight free States and only 9 in the slave States. The number of ministers in the body was 207, of whom 200 were in the free States. Church members were variously estimated, from 15,000 to 30,000, probably the real number was between these extremes. With the holding of slaves, Unitarians could have but little connection, but the guilt of maintaining Slavery did not rest solely with those who claimed ownership in human beings. Among the Unitarians of the United States, there stood forth some noble examples of independent spirit and Christian conduct. Channing's writings against Slavery were known to all. The eminent and amiable Follen sacrificed all his worldly prospects to his fidelity to the cause of humanity. Dr. Henry Ware took up the cause to some extent. The Rev. Samuel J. May, whose interesting conversation with Dr. Channing on Slavery forms one of the most touching anecdotes in the "Memoirs" published by the Rev. W. H. Channing, is still labouring in the great cause. And there are, also, the Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, Dr. Willard, John Pierpont, Theodore Parker, Samuel May, junior, W. H. Channing, James F. Clark, Higginson, Wallcutt, and perhaps half a dozen more, who have boldly taken the part of the slave. All these have suffered for the cause; either by the injury of their worldly circumstances, or of their social position, or by the estrangement of friends; and with these exceptions the great mass of Unitarian ministers have been silent on the slaves' wrongs, while some have spoke in favour of his oppressor. The Rev. Theodore Clapp, of New Orleans, has been quoted by Mrs. Stowe, in her "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," as a pro-slavery divine. Mr. E. read the paragraph at page 65, and also some extracts from a Sermon by the same Minister, in which he says, "the venerable patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were all slaveholders"—"the same God who gave Abraham sunshine, air, rain, flocks, herds, silver and gold, blessed him also with a donation of slaves." "Here we see God dealing in slaves, giving them to his own favourite child—a man of superlative worth—and as a reward for his eminent goodness!" Dr. Dewey's revolting declaration in reference to the Fugitive Slave Law was universally known. Dr. Gannett, of Boston, had, in a printed sermon, recommended the return of the fugitive slave to his master. The Rev. Mr. Allen, formerly of Washington, now of Bangor, Maine, had printed a sermon in praise of the Union, urging for its maintenance obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law. As a religious body, the American Unitarians had never given any help to the Anti-Slavery cause; on the contrary, they had obstructed it. Any effort to have a recognition of the sin of slaveholding, and of the duty of taking some measures for its removal introduced into the annual conventions or meetings of "American Unitarian Associations" have been successfuly resisted. The *Christian Register*, the organ of the body, may fairly be classed with pro-slavery papers. The New York Correspondent of the London *Times* complimented it as being an honourable exception to the religious journals of the free States, in consequence of its having counselled obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law! In the two last numbers, evidence of its hostility to the Anti-Slavery cause, and of its unfairness, is afforded by the republication at full length of a letter from the Rev. Edmund Squire of S. Boston, which appeared in the *Inquirer* of March 5th, in defence of the "Mission of Silence" on the Slavery question, as advocated and practised by the American Unitarians, while Mr. Bishop's able reply, in the *Inquirer* of March 19, is entirely suppressed. This apathy of our brethren in the United States was injurious to the Abolition movement, and discreditable to them as professed Christians, and it acted as a poison upon nearly all who came within its influence. Our laymen go to America, and return, telling us that Slavery is by no means so bad as it is represented; that the negroes are utterly unfit for freedom; that emancipation would derange the commercial and political institutions of that country. Our ministers visit their transatlantic brethren, and assure us that there is much comfort among the slaves; that the Abolitionists are occasioning mischief; that the Unitarian Ministers are doing all that they consider necessary to put an end to Slavery, and that we, unable to judge of their difficulties, must not judge their conduct. The last homily preached in this strain to British Unitarians, was in the letter just referred to, written by Mr. Squire to the *Inquirer*; he there refers to the Abolitionists, those noble men and women who have convulsed the Union by their untiring efforts—as being "the worst foes to the slave," and as having "re-fastened his chains with tenfold tightness" when just falling off, and then advises that no *direct aggression* should be made on Slavery, but that it should be left for "Christianity" to be its victor! Mrs. Stowe has, however, dispelled some of these delusions; the Unitarian Abolitionists declare to us that we are as competent to appreciate the difficulties of their brethren as they are. Mr. E. was informed by Mr. Bishop that, when in America, he uniformly inquired what were those difficulties which could not be understood in this country, but was never able to learn a single circumstance with which he was not previously acquainted! Mr. E. spoke of Mr. Bishop as having done great honour to the British Unitarians by his protest against Slavery, in the Baltimore Unitarian Convention, a testimony on the part of an English minister travelling in America, almost without example. Mr. Estlin trusted the resolutions he had to propose would be passed, and that they might be sent by a delegate to the Committee of the "British and Foreign Unitarian Association." He hoped that body would not again reject the appeal made to them, as they did two years ago, upon the ground that the consideration of such a subject would be foreign to the rules of the association. Mr. Estlin acknowledged himself to be one of those intolerant persons so censured at that time for wishing to exclude from our pulpits American ministers who had abetted, or been silent upon, the iniquity of Slavery. He did not presume to judge how far, in the sight of God they were blamable, as we could not estimate the strength of their temptation, or know how we should act if placed in their circumstances; but he did not understand that charity which forbade the exercise of our moral perceptions, and required us to surrender our power of discriminating between right and wrong; and he was so constituted, that religious services conducted by such ministers as Dr. Dewey or the Rev. Theodore Clapp, would not awaken or cherish any devotional sentiment in his heart. After an address of some length, and expressing the hope of having been able to show that the "Union" had good grounds for complying with the request of the "British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society," Mr. Estlin concluded by saying, "our Unitarian brethren in the United States may not have taken any direct part in persecuting their coloured countrymen, but the clothes of the persecutors had been laid at their feet; their own garments may not have been dyed in the blood of the slave, but they have stood so near, and so idly, by the altar of avarice, of impurity, and of power, on which he has been sacrificed, that they have not escaped being *sprinkled* with his blood; we call upon them as brothers descended from the same stock with ourselves, as speakers of the same language, readers of the same Bible, as Christians, as Unitarians, to go, to wash, and be clean."

The Rev. S. A. STEINTHAL, in seconding the resolution, said, I feel great diffidence in following a gentleman who, like Mr. Estlin, has devoted a life to the study of the intricate question of Slavery. We all owe him a debt of gratitude for what he has done in this subject; but I confess he has caused me some very painful feelings by the remarks he has just made. I did know that Unitarians in America had taken up what appears to me to be an unworthy position in respect to Slavery, but I was not aware how deeply stained our religious body was with this sin. We have heard how much Unitarianism conduces to freedom, how civil and religious liberty is its standing motto; even at our dinner to-day that toast was most warmly received, but here we find that Unitarianism has not shrunk from supporting the foul sin of Slavery. We have been told of horrors connected with Slavery; I believe they are inseparable from it; but this is not a question of horrors; it matters not whether fathers have been torn from their children, whether husbands have been separated from wives, or daughters sold to shame; these things do occur, but this is not the question for us; we have to do with the great principle that Slavery is a sin; that no man has a right to hold a fellow man in bondage for one hour; this is the principle of the question, and on this I am ready to take my stand and meet any slaveholder or slave apologist. Sir, the question is simple indeed; but when we find that Unitarians are guilty of upholding a system by which this right is given to men, is it not time for us to step forward and try to arrest their course? Are we not deeply interested in the matter, if we love pure Christianity, if we love our pure faith? I do therefore most sincerely trust that, at the approaching meeting of the Association, a most decided stand will be taken on the subject of Slavery. The Association is founded for the promotion of Unitarianism, because Unitarianism leads, we believe, to moral excellence in men, not merely for the love of a name, and surely a practical means of proving the true Christian spirit of Unitarianism must come within its scope. If it does not, I must say it is time there were a change in its constitution, and I, for one, shall be ready to promote it: I trust, however, no such step will be necessary: but that the sole organized representative that English Unitarians have will prove that we, as a body, will not countenance so hideous an iniquity.

The Chairman, Rev. R. B. ASPLAND, in putting the resolution, said that had it contained anything like a pledge to exclude from our fellowship those of our American brethren who might not accord with us on the subject of Slavery, he for one must have protested against it, even though he had stood alone in this course. But he saw no reason why they should not unite in such a resolution as that which was before the meeting. His hope had certainly been, at one time, that the Christian principle and feeling of America would have put down Slavery. But recent legislation in the United States, and the manner in which the Fugitive Slave Law had been enforced, had convinced him that the churches there had not taken that noble stand for freedom which could have been desired; and he feared there was too much reason for thinking that they were indirectly sustaining Slavery, even when they did not openly give it their sanction and support.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†‡† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1853.

NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE American Anti-Slavery Society, since 1840, has maintained a foothold in this city without aid from any local organization, and by efforts and sacrifices which attest alike the moral power it wields and the intuitive sagacity of those who have administered its affairs. It is unnecessary now to speak of the causes which deprived it of such aid, the fact being all that is important to our present purpose. But the Society, during this period, has not only been without organic local aid; it has been also the object of a most virulent and deadly hostility among a class of persons whose power to do it injury was derived from the reputation they had previously acquired in its service, and who have done their very worst to blast its influence and drive it from the legitimate sphere of its operations. In spite of all this, by the help of God, the Society has continued to the present day. Its fidelity to principle has won for it at length noble friends in this city and vicinity, who have organized a Society in full harmony with its principles, and for the purpose of a more efficient co-operation with it in the great work it has undertaken to perform. A goodly number of persons have already become members of this Society, and we have reason to believe there are many more who will eagerly embrace the first opportunity to join it. For the information of all who are interested in the movement, we copy the Society's Constitution and list of officers, as follows:

CONSTITUTION OF THE NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

PREAMBLE.—Believing that Slavery is a sin against God and a wrong against man, under whatever circumstances it may exist; that Immediate Emancipation is the right of the slave and the duty of the master; and believing, moreover, that the abolition of the system demands the combined efforts of the friends of Humanity and Freedom, without regard to sect, party or sex; the undersigned agree to form a Society, to be regulated according to the following articles, viz:

ARTICLE I.—The Society shall be known as the New York Anti-Slavery Society, and shall be auxiliary to the American Anti-Slavery Society.

ARTICLE II.—The object of this Society shall be to co-operate with the American Anti-Slavery Society in the diffusion of light and truth on the subject of Slavery, particularly in the City of New York and its vicinity, by means of Anti-Slavery lectures, books, pamphlets and newspapers, by procuring subscribers to the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, and by such other instrumentalities as the exigencies of the cause may, from time to time, seem to require.

ARTICLE III.—Any person who consents to the principles set forth in the preamble may become a member of this Society by signing the Constitution, or by requesting the Recording Secretary, verbally, in open meeting, or in writing, if the Society is not in session, to append his or her name thereto, and contributing to its treasury.

ARTICLE IV.—The officers of the Society shall be a President; two Vice Presidents; a Corresponding Secretary; a Recording Secretary; a Treasurer; and an Executive Committee, consisting of these and five other members; to be chosen annually by the Society. These officers shall perform the duties usually incident to their respective positions. Vacancies occurring in any of the offices may be filled by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE V.—It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to devise and execute plans of Anti-Slavery effort, especially in the City and its vicinity; to provide for the collection of funds; to call meetings of the Society, or of the public, whenever and wherever they may deem best; and to do whatever they may think necessary and right to extend a knowledge of Anti-Slavery principles, and to correct the public opinion from which Slavery draws its life. They shall hold frequent meetings for business and consultation, and five of their number shall constitute a quorum. They shall keep a record of their doings, and make a Report of the same to the Society at its annual meeting.

ARTICLE VI.—The annual meeting shall be held at such time and place as the Executive Committee may appoint, when the officers of the Society for the ensuing year shall be chosen. Special meetings may be called by vote of the Executive Committee; or, by the Recording Secretary, at the request, in writing, of five members of the Society.

ARTICLE VII.—This Constitution may be amended by a vote of two-thirds of the members in attendance at any annual meeting; provided, that the auxiliaryship of the Society shall not be changed, unless notice of intention to move such change shall have been given, in writing, to the Executive Committee at least one month previous to such meeting.

President,
LAUREN WETMORE.

Vice Presidents,
WILLIAM A. HALL, DR. OLIVER H. WELLINGTON.

Corresponding Secretary,
OLIVER JOHNSON.

Recording Secretary,
HENRIETTA W. JOHNSON, M.D.

Treasurer,
ROWLAND JOHNSON.

Executive Committee,

Lauren Wetmore,	Henrietta W. Johnson,
William A. Hall,	Rowland Johnson,
Oliver Johnson,	Oliver H. Wellington,
Abby H. Gibbons,	John F. Cleveland,
J. Mortimer Hall,	Otis R. Potter,
C. B. Le Barron.	

We trust that the Society thus formed will take a vigorous hold of the work which lies before it, and that we shall have frequent occasion to chronicle its labours and its triumphs. No Anti-Slavery Society ever had a more promising field of usefulness opened before it, or a better opportunity, in proportion to its numbers and its means, to advance the cause.

We cordially invite all persons, in the city or its vicinity, who would like to become members, to call at the Anti-Slavery Office, 142 Nassau Street, and append their names to the Constitution. Friends! let us no longer forego the advantages of organized unity and co-operation in the great work to which, as individuals, we are devoted, but cheer one another by frequently meeting together and comparing our several views and experiences. By this means we can not only increase our numbers, but augment our moral power. Those whose hearts are united in a common love of freedom and a common desire for the emancipation of the slave should have also a common platform on which they can meet as brothers, impart to one another the wisdom of all, and present to the world the appearance and the reality of a living, organic unity—of "a thousand natures moulded into one," for the attainment of an object worthy to task their noblest energies, and to inspire a devotion as ardent and unselfish as that of the prophets and martyrs of olden time.

MR. PRIME INCOG.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Observer*, who signs himself 'L. S. E.,' gives that paper an account of the recent Anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society; from which it would appear that the speakers on that occasion had the audacity, in the presence of American pro-slavery divines, and to their great annoyance, to allude to Slavery as one of the sins which the Bible is adapted to remove. As the letters 'L. S. E.' happen to be the terminals in the name of *SamueL IrenæuS PrimE*, and as the epistle was evidently written by a person whose mind was very much disturbed by the naughty allusions to the pet institution of our country, we venture the guess that that extremely amiable and sweet-tempered gentleman was the author. If we are right in this inference, the letter is interesting, as showing that Mr. Prime, while pretending to have been absent from the meeting on account of feeble health, was actually present, *incog!* Such a trick is pre-eminently characteristic of the man, to whom low tergiversation and deceit are so habitual and congenial, that he rarely does anything in an open and honest way, but worms and wriggles himself about under the bush even where his interests would be best promoted by standing erect. The writer of the letter in question, after speaking as an eye and ear witness of a large portion of the proceedings of the meeting, proceeds:

The Rev. Mr. Birney, a dissenting minister, then made a speech of fifteen minutes, in which he called down the house in storms of applause, by calling the Word of God "Uncle Tom's Bible." He quoted freely from Mrs. Stowe's novel, and commended some passages to the American delegates. The taste of the audience was highly gratified by his address, which was coarse, vulgar, and unbecoming any religious meeting.

After this, the writer goes on:

Other speakers followed, but I did not hear them. The meeting was not as interesting and impressive as many of our American Bible and Tract Society anniversaries in New York. The audience was very large and attentive, and were keenly alive to every allusion to the subject of Slavery, whenever it was touched upon. Mr. Noel spoke of the Bible as powerful to promote the emancipation of the slave, and the storm of applause was all but terrific: clapping, stamping, cries of Hear! Hear! rang round the walls for some minutes. As soon as it subsided, the speaker spoke of the oppression to which Englishmen subject those under their power, and asked for the Bible to be given to them; but the applause was so faint, it was plain to be seen that the sympathies of the audience were more with the poor on the other side of the Atlantic than with the poorer at home.

It would seem that Mr. Prime—supposing him to be the writer of the above—left the meeting before it was over, either on account of his feeble health or because an Anti-Slavery atmosphere was not congenial to his taste. If he had been recognised by the assembly, the atmosphere, we imagine, would have been found still more distasteful to him. Well, it is a most significant sign of the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause in England that an American pro-slavery clergyman is compelled to conceal his identity, and to skulk into and out of a meeting which he had been specially delegated, by a powerful Society at home, to attend.

MRS. STOWE IN ENGLAND.—Our readers are well advised of how enthusiastic a public reception Mrs. Stowe has met with everywhere in England, and it is not less interesting to know that her sterling worth and the modesty and dignity of her manners have equally secured for her in private the esteem and respect of all who have been so fortunate as to meet with her. The Duke of Sutherland, in a private letter to Dr. Lowell, of Boston—which we have been kindly permitted to see—speaks in warm terms of the impression she has made in private circles. He writes that "the unaffected, simple, calm, steady manner, unmoved apparently by the novelty of scenery, and society, and all that surrounds her, is very striking, and when combined with the intelligence of which we know her mind to be full, and the qualities of heart which she happily possesses, one's admiration of her is felt to be well founded, and it gives one heartfelt satisfaction to have near us such a subject for such sentiments."

In this letter the Duke sends to his correspondent various extracts from English papers, to show how Mrs. Stowe was welcomed by the people. Among them is one from the *Times*, which, he remarks, "is the only pro-slavery one I have seen, or believe to exist in England," and that that "felt obliged not to ignore the welcome Mrs. Stowe received."

Many of our readers, perhaps, are not aware that Lord Ellesmere, a brother of the Duke of Sutherland, is sent out by the British Government, in testimony of its respect and good wishes, to attend the opening of the World's Fair, in this city, in July. The letter to Dr. Lowell states that Lord and Lady Ellesmere, with two daughters, have already sailed in a frigate from Plymouth. Their rank, we presume, will be considered a sufficient offset to their fanaticism, and they will be as well received as if they believed Slavery to be a Divine Institution.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—We extract the following from an interesting letter of Wm. Wells Brown, in the *Liberator* of last week:

Professor Stowe, as you might expect, was looked upon as the lion of the speakers; but his speech disappointed all, except those of us who knew enough of American divines not to anticipate much from them on the subject of Slavery. For my own part, I was not disappointed, for I have long since despaired of anything being done by clergyman; and the Professor's speech at Glasgow, and subsequent addresses, had prepared me to look for but little from him. He evidently wishes for no agitation on the subject, and said it would do no good as long as England purchased America's cotton. I look upon this cotton question as nothing more than to divert the public from the main subject itself. Mr. Stowe is not very young, yet he is only a child in the Anti-Slavery movement. He is now lisping his A, B, C, and if his wife succeeds in making him a good scholar, she will find it no easy thing.

The best speech of the evening was made by our countryman, Samuel R. Ward. Mr. Ward did himself great credit, and exposed the hypocrisy of the American pro-slavery churches in a way that caused Professor Stowe to turn more than one way upon his seat. I have but little faith in the American clergy—either coloured or white; but I believe Ward to be not only one of the most honest, but an uncompromising and faithful advocate of his countrymen. He is certainly the best coloured minister that has yet visited this country.

I recognised in the audience several of our American friends. Among them was Mrs. Follen, Miss Cabot, J. Miller M'Kim, Miss Pugh, Professor Wm. G. Allen and lady, and Wm. and Ellen Craft. Upon the whole, the Anti-Slavery cause is in a more healthy state than it ever was before, and from all appearance much good will be done by the present excitement. The fact that no American clergyman has dared to appear at any of the anniversary meetings without professing Anti-Slavery principles, and that one at least (Rev. Mr. Prime) was denied a seat as delegate at one of these meetings, shows the feeling already created in Great Britain; and I hope it will soon be understood in America that no man will be welcomed here unless he is an out-and-out-Abolitionist; and then the days of the slave's deliverance will be close at hand.

NEW YORK WEEKLY BUDGET.—This is the title of a paper, of medium size, the first number of which is before us. SEBA SMITH, Esq., the original "Jack Downing," is the editor, and Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH, his wife, is to fill a regular department, in which she will cater to the peculiar tastes of her own sex. The price is fifty cents per annum. The editor says: "We have thought that by publishing a weekly paper of moderate dimensions, with a condensed and carefully prepared summary of general news, and such variety of matter, useful, instructive and entertaining, as we shall endeavour to introduce, and at a *lower price* than has been customary, we might meet the wants and wishes of a vast number of the people of our flourishing and rapidly growing country. Therefore has this paper being started." It will no doubt obtain a wide circulation.

HOME MISSIONS AND SLAVERY.—At the recent anniversary of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, in Boston, Rev. A. L Stone, of Park street Church, and Rev. Mr. Wolcott, of Providence, struck some earnest and heavy blows at Slavery as one of the chief obstacles to the progress of Christianity. We gladly record this fact as among the various indications that the Anti-Slavery sentiment in our country is rapidly augmenting in volume and power. One of these days, perhaps, the platforms of the popular religious anniversaries in New York may be delivered from the watchful control of cotton divinity and cotton religion.

REV. EDWARD N. KIRK, of Boston, who figured in 1834–5–6 as an Abolitionist, and even appeared on the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society with George Thompson, but who afterwards apostatized from the cause, and more recently preached, from a Boston pulpit, the duty of obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law, has gone to Europe, where we hope a knowledge of his pro-slavery acts and relations may follow him. English Abolitionists especially should be furnished with the evidences of his pro-slavery character.

HORACE MANN occupies nearly a page of the last *Liberator* in a defence of the grounds on which, as a moral and Christian man, he votes and holds office under our Governments, State and National. In another communication he proposes to give his views of the United States Constitution itself. Thus does the *Liberator* exemplify the Anti-Slavery doctrine of free discussion. How many Free Soil journals would allow an advocate of Disunion such an opportunity to defend his views in its columns?

Speech of Rev. Andrew T. Foss,

AT THE

New England Anti-Slavery Convention, Thursday Forenoon, May 26.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY J. M. W. YERRINTON.

REV. ANDREW T. FOSS, of Manchester, N. H., said: There were yesterday held here three very interesting sessions of this always interesting Convention, and I have no doubt that much good was done by those discussions. As I believe no resolution on the religious character of this Convention has been yet offered, I will present one; it will at least serve as a text for some remarks:

Resolved, That the cry of infidelity which the church and clergy of this land are raising against those who expose their sin is an old trick, which was played by the Jews against Jesus, and by the Catholics against Luther; that it is insincere, and is fast becoming powerless.

The churches, Sir (said Mr. Foss), have raised the cry of infidelity against us; but it seems to me, on the very face of it, that this outcry is shown to be insincere. And I think so, because I find the churches and the ministers quite dumb and indifferent to the actual and unblushing infidelity prevailing around them. The most dangerous form of infidelity, Sir, that I can conceive of is that which comes to us saying prayers and singing psalms. Now, a few years since, the Senate of the United States sneered at and derided the idea, advanced by one of their number, that there is a Higher Law than the Constitution and Laws of the land; and the Senator who spoke of that Higher Law was denounced as a fanatic by men and journals of all parties. Here was a direct and out-spoken denial of the supremacy of God's law. Here was the distinct avowal of infidelity. What said the churches and ministers to this? In every part of the land, instead of opposing this atheistic doctrine, the leading ministers and churches joined to uphold it, and helped to swell the shout against the Higher Law. What, I ask, is this but infidelity? Is it not still worse? For if the higher law is rejected, the lawgiver himself is disowned. Why have not the churches, the religious sects and the pulpits, spoken out against this infidel doctrine? Why have they been silent, and worse than silent, when such a man as Dr. Spring, of New York, openly declares that he would not offer a prayer for the freedom of the slaves, though by doing so, he could free them all? Rev. Dr. Sharp, of this city, preached in favour of the Fugitive Slave Law; all the laws of the land, said he, were to be supported, wise or unwise, *right or wrong*. What church or pulpit reproved Dr. Sharp for this infidel doctrine? Deacon Howard [a coloured man], of the 12th Baptist Church in this city, was compelled by the Fugitive Law to flee out of this city and State, for his liberty and life. His enemies were encouraged and set on by Dr. Sharp, by the doctrine of that very discourse. Just after it was preached, Dr. Sharp had a service of silver plate presented to him, mainly by members of the Baptist order. Does that look as if the infidel doctrine of his sermon was frowned upon in his denomination? Dr. Richard Fuller, formerly of Beaufort, S. C., now of Baltimore, an owner of slaves and a defender of Slavery, came to Boston, and Dr. Sharp invited him to his pulpit; and had it been communion-day, he would doubtless have invited him to the communion-table. Not a word of objection was made to Dr. Fuller because he was a slaveholder. But if he had been a believer in infant baptism, he would have been excluded. If he had ever sprinkled one of his infant slaves, he could not have been admitted. But he did not *sprinkle* infants; he only *stole* them. I am so unsophisticated as to think that the last is *almost* as bad as the first. Yet this Richard Fuller was invited by Dr. Sharp to his pulpit, and I have no doubt, had it been communion-day, he would have been invited to the church communion. And how was it with Dr. Stow, of this city. I suppose it is not out of order to be personal. These are facts: I speak them openly and boldly, and am responsible for them. It seems to me there is nothing wrong in that. Dr. Stow invites Dr. Fuller to minister at his altar, and receives him as a brother beloved. Now, I beg you, Sir—I am so obtuse that, perhaps, I may not comprehend the matter clearly—is it so or not—did these men, by receiving this slaveholder, whom they knew to be a slaveholder, sanction his deeds? (Cries of 'Yes, yes.') It has always seemed so to me. If I were to invite Richard Fuller to my pulpit and communion-table—if I had one—and I once had—and treat him as a brother beloved, I should certainly say, You have done nothing, Sir, inconsistent with the Christian religion—you are a Christian man. I might, perhaps, have made some metaphysical distinction—for you know our divines are wonderfully shrewd at making metaphysical distinctions; and one distinction that they make is this: They say, when they welcome a slaveholder to their pulpits, We receive these men as brother Christians, and brother Baptists, and not as brother slaveholders. This reminds me of the old English divine who used to go hunting, and who used to swear very much on these hunting expeditions. One of his parishioners, who knew the fact, said to him, 'Is it proper for a clergyman to swear as you do?' 'I do not swear as a clergyman; O no, not at all. It is as a hunter that I swear.' 'Well,' said the man—just as *I* might, I suspect—'when the devil gets the hunter, what will become of the minister?' (Laughter and cheers.)

It seems to me that this distinction cannot be made—that when we receive a man, we receive him for all that he is. I believe that his being a slaveholder was the chief qualification Richard Fuller possessed for being invited into the Baptist pulpits here. Any man who is a slaveholder may come here—ever so obscure and unknown—and the clergy of this city will receive him, and show respect unto him, *because* of his relation to Slavery, in order that they may conciliate the feelings of the pro-slavery people of their congregations, and of the whole South.

Now, in proof of this, I will state another fact. Some years ago there was a man came to this city—Rev. John Davis—an ignorant fellow—(some of you may have heard his discussion with Rev. Nathaniel Colver, then of this city)—a very ignorant man—a man who could scarcely speak intelligently the English language. He came on here, and made a great show of himself; came into the Anti-Slavery Convention, and spoke in favour of Slavery, and got up the discussion between himself and Mr. Colver, to which I have alluded. In that discussion he said, 'I am the owner of thirty human beings, and I will wade knee deep in blood to defend my right to hold them as slaves.' Now, this same Jonathan Davis was invited, after making this declaration, into nine pulpits in the cities of Boston and Salem (hear, hear). He was not invited to them because he was a man of talent. If he had not been a slaveholder, the occupants of those pulpits would never have tolerated him a day to stand up there and get off his gibberish and nonsense. These men are intelligent, cultivated men. They never invite an ignorant man into their pulpits. They do not invite men from the country. The know no men but those of very considerable talent, and scarcely a countryman gets into their pulpits. They took Jonathan Davis because he was a slaveholder, and only for that.

Another fact. There was another Baptist clergyman, Dr. Brisbane. This Dr. Brisbane had been the owner of a number of slaves, and, under the convictions of his conscience, he had freed them all, and made himself poor to the last penny he possessed. He sacrificed seventeen thousand dollars worth of property—all he possessed on earth—in obedience to his convictions of duty. He, too, came to Boston; but although the facts in relation to him were known here, no pulpit door was thrown open to him—and he was a man of talent, too.

Now, I will state another fact. Mr. Davis went on to New York, to Hamilton—to the Baptist College there. He was invited there by Dr. Maginnis, who is now dead. The Baptist meeting-house was opened to him; the President of the College, every member of the Faculty, and all the students came out to hear this Jonathan Davis defend Slavery as a divine institution; listened to him with patience, and, for aught I know, with delight. The very next week after he had enjoyed this privilege, Dr. Brisbane came there, and some of the friends of the slave asked the Baptists to allow them to have that meeting-house, for Dr. Brisbane to deliver an Anti-Slavery Address—the man who had sacrificed seventeen thousand dollars in obedience to his conscience, under the authority of God, and with regard to the rights of man. And what was the answer? The pulpit was closed against him. There was no President of a College, no Faculty to invite him to speak—not at all; and he had to go to a little school-house, where a few Abolitionists went up to hear him.

Now, what was the difference? Dr. Brisbane was a man of vastly more talent than Jonathan Davis, and of at least equally unblemished character. What was the difference? Dr. Brisbane sacrificed his all to free himself from the sin of slaveholding, and bear an Anti-Slavery testimony; and Jonathan Davis had said, here in Boston, that he would wade knee deep in blood to defend his right to hold slaves. The one was feted, the other found the doors of the pulpits closed against him.

Now, Sir, I suppose that this cry of 'infidel' is all hollow-hearted, and that people are beginning to understand it. The time is not far distant when they will open their eyes to this subject. We want to know what our duty is, and we want to do our duty; and this cry of 'infidel' should not deter any man from following the course his conscience dictates. The same cry was made against the Prophets by the Jewish Church; the same cry was made against Jesus of Nazareth, against the Apostles, and against every good man and reformer whom the world has ever seen; and the same cry will continue to be made. If we are true to our conscience, to our convictions of right, to the great interests of man, we have nothing to fear.

A gentleman among the audience, who gave his name as E. G. Leach, here rose, and said that he desired to correct a misstatement which Mr. Foss had made. It was not true that Dr. Brisbane had not been invited to any pulpit in Boston, for he had himself heard him preach in this city again and again.

Mr. FOSS—I pray the gentleman to remember that I made the statement in reference to the time when Mr. Davis was in this city. Dr. Brisbane may have spoken here at some subsequent period.

Dr. LEACH—I heard him at that very time—the first Sabbath he was in the city, and a dozen times afterwards, in the Tremont Temple, then occupied as a Baptist Church.

Mr. FOSS—I believe I put the matter in an interrogative form, asking, Was he admitted to any Baptist pulpit?

Dr. LEACH—No, sir. It was a bold assertion, that every pulpit was closed against him.

Mr. FOSS—I shall not be punctilious as to whether I put it in the form of an inquiry or not; that was my impression. If the Tremont Temple Church had occurred to me, I should certainly have excepted that, for I know that Mr. Colver has always been a personal friend of Dr. Brisbane. With this exception, has there been any pulpit open to him in Boston? Has Dr. Sharp's? Has Dr. Stow's? Has Dr. Neal's? I will ask this question of the gentleman—Does he believe these pulpits could have been opened to Dr. Brisbane?

Dr. LEACH—I cannot tell. I am an Abolitionist and a member of the Baptist Church. I will not commune with a slaveholder, nor listen to a slaveholder's sermon. I would not permit Dr. Richard Fuller to occupy a pulpit, if I could help it, or go to hear him preach. But when these sweeping charges of infidelity are made against the churches, I must say that they are false.

Mr. FOSS—One question more. I would ask if this same Dr. Richard Fuller was not admitted to the Baptist pulpits of this city?

Dr. LEACH—Yes; and I know that many went to hear him who are not pro-slavery, and that because he had recently taken a position on the subject of Slavery which had forced him to leave Charleston and remove to Baltimore. He had lost his position in South Carolina on account of his being too Anti-Slavery.

Mr. FOSS—Will the gentleman tell us what that position was?

Dr. LEACH—I cannot do so; but I remember the fact very well.

Mr FOSS—Perhaps I can state in what degree Dr. Fuller had become Anti Slavery. In his discussion with Dr. Wayland, he stated that he had begun to prepare a tract, vindicating the right of the coloured people to receive education, and the duty of the master to impart education to the slaves; but the Abolitionists

had taken up the subject, and he had abandoned the idea! If the Abolitionists would have let the matter alone, he might have done something for the slave in that direction; but as they would not, he would do nothing about it! That is all the progress I ever heard of in Dr. Fuller. But, admitting that the Tremont Temple, and any other church that might not admit Dr. Fuller, was not infidel, will the gentleman allow that those who *do* admit him *are* infidel?

Dr. LEACH—No, sir. They might do many wrong things—like yourself or myself—under mistaken ideas, without committing sin. But still, I consider that example an injurious one.

Mr. FOSS—After all, then, holding slaves may be only a little error, a small peccadillo!

Dr. LEACH—No, sir. That I do not think so, the remark I made a short time since, that I would not commune with a slaveholder, or listen to one in the pulpit, sufficiently proves.

Mr. FOSS—Would the gentleman commune with Dr. Sharp or Dr. Stow?

Dr. LEACH—Yes, sir.

Mr. FOSS—That is all that need be said.

CONDENSATIONS.

The Constitutional Convention of Massachusetts has under consideration a proposal to elect all State officers by a plurality vote, instead of requiring a majority as at present. The question is debated with much earnestness, the Free Soilers generally taking the negative and the Whigs the affirmative side.

——The Governor of Missouri suggests, in his message that men should be prohibited from endorsing other people's notes unless they do it with the consent of their wives. Not a bad idea.

——The Ohio Woman's Rights Association held its anniversary at Ravenna, Portage Co., on the 25th and 26 ult. Rev. Antoinette Brown, Mrs. E. R. Coe, Mrs. Severance, Joseph Barker and others took part in the discussions.

——Mr. GARRISON intends to visit Cleveland, O., and some portions of Michigan, early in October. We hope nothing will occur to prevent the fulfilment of this design.

——Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH, in behalf of a Committee appointed for the purpose, has issued a Call for a Woman's Rights Convention, to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 5th and 6th of October next.

——Miss OLIVE ROSE, of Thomaston, Me., has been elected Recorder of Deeds for the Eastern District of Lincoln Co., to fill a vacancy created by the death of the former incumbent, whose assistant she had been for some time previously. Her majority over the regular Democratic candidate was very large.

——Much dissatisfaction is said to exist, among the most influential and intelligent portion of the Democratic party, on account of the Diplomatic appointments of the President. Many of the successful candidates are said to lack a knowledge of foreign languages, and to be deficient in other essential qualifications.

——LUCY STONE, WENDELL PHILLIPS and THEODORE PARKER have all been heard at length before the Committee of Suffrage of the Constitutional Convention of Massachusetts, in defence of the right of woman to exercise the political franchise. If the argument was not fully and effectively presented, it certainly was not owing to any lack of ability or eloquence on the part of the speakers.

——Rev. DAVID KENNEDY, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, while in attendance upon the Synod of that Church at Chicago, being invited to preach in a Presbyterian Church of another sort, gave out his hymns from the book used in the congregation; and for this he was overhauled by the Synod, on the following day, as an offender. A motion was made for his suspension, and after an exciting discussion, which lasted more than a day, the matter was temporarily settled by referring it to the Presbytery to which the offender belonged. The objection to the hymns was, that they were not a *literal* version of David's Psalms.

——Rev. C. W. DENNISON, whose name is familiar to our readers as that of an apostate to the Anti-Slavery cause, has been rewarded for his services to the Democratic party by an appointment to the Chaplaincy of the Washington (D. C.) Penitentiary! We protest that the place is not adequate to his genius nor commensurate with his peculiar merits. He should have been honoured with *full and permanent membership* in that institution, and fed, lodged and clothed at the public expense. No man that we know is more deserving of such a berth, and, if it is not too late, we hope the President will put him into it.

——The *Boston Courier* devotes nearly four of its columns to an examination of the speeches made at the Hale Dinner, in order to show that the Free Soilers are virtually in league with the Garrisonians for the utter overthrow of the Constitution! We have read its whole argument, and regret to say that we regard it an utter failure, except in so far as it is intended to exhibit the inconsistency of that party in professing allegiance to the Constitution, while pretending to be engaged in bringing about the abolition of a system of which that instrument is one of the chief bulwarks. If the *Courier* can shame them out of that inconsistency, and induce them to join our ranks, we will admit that for once it has achieved a noble work.

THE TRAINER CASE.—This case is up again, before Judge Barculo of the Supreme Court, sitting in Brooklyn. As it was not decided when this issue was made ready for the press, we shall defer the report of proceedings till next week.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CXXVI.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The New England Convention—Its success—Lasts only two days and why—Philosophy of Protracted Meetings—The Correspondent maketh a Suggestion—The First Day's Discussion—The Old Mare's Nest discovered anew—By whom—The One Chicken No Chicken—History of the Postage Question—Justice done to Mr. Mann—But also to the earlier inventors—The Correspondent on the Mann and Phillips Controversy, &c. &c.*

BOSTON, May 20th, 1853.

THE New England Anti-Slavery Convention was begun, continued and ended, last week, with entire prosperity from first to last. It has contracted such a habit of being the best of all the Anniversaries that nobody thinks it necessary to reaffirm the fact. The only mistake in regard to it was that it was limited to two days, instead of spreading itself over three. The object of the change was to secure the presence of the persons intending to attend it on the first day of the Meeting—they being very apt to postpone their attendance until the second day, on the presumption that the first day will be consumed in preparation for business. It had the desired effect in this particular, for the first session was nearly as full as any, and the discussions proceeded with the very least possible delay. But, still, another day would have given a still greater crowning success to the Convention. This could not have been greater, as far as it went, for the Melodeon was entirely filled, day and evening, and this in spite of torrents of rain, and, in the evenings, of a silver bar (more effectual than all the police for keeping the peace) in the shape of a five-cent piece. But the interest excited by our Meetings is always in proportion to their duration. There is a philosophy in Protracted and Four Day Meetings, which we should do well to consult when attempting to promote an Anti-Slavery Revival. My own idea is that it would work well, another year, to hold our Convention for three days, as of old, but to have the opening morning session a Meeting for set speeches, advertised beforehand, by the most attractive Anti-Slavery Orators, like our Anniversary at New York. This would secure a full attendance from Country and City, and we should begin, as we are sure to end, in a Blaze of Glory. It might be called the New England Anti-Slavery Anniversary. The people being thus got together, the discussions would proceed for the rest of the time, with the usual freedom and in the usual manner. This suggestion I register as my own discovery, preliminary to taking out a Patent Right.

The discussions of the first day were, perhaps, not so interesting to the old Anti-Slavery stagers, as they were, doubtless, edifying to recent converts. It was on the responsibilities of voters and the obligations implied in the act of appointing men to office by one's ballot. It seemed like going back eight or nine years, when this question was thoroughly sifted, and, as we supposed, forever settled. It was the *re-discovery* of the old mare's nest by the Hon. Horace Mann that resuscitated this obsolete discussion. Is it not funny to see that ingenious gentleman cackling over his newly hatched one chicken, as if it were a phœnix that man never saw before. Why, all his arguments, from taxation and postage-stamps (or postage, rather, for *stamps* were not then invented), had been urged and re-urged, years agone, in every school district that the Anti-Slavery lecturer ever invaded. There were scores of Daniels who could come up to that judgment, long before Mr. Mann was ever heard of (active as we now know him to have been, on his own authority) as an Abolitionist. He was so absorbed at that time, doubtless, in endeavouring to secure the equal rights of coloured children in the Massachusetts schools (as we are bound to believe on the same testimony, however scrupulous he may have been not to let his left hand know what his right hand was about) that he had no time to notice what such insignificant persons as the Abolitionists were about. There was no place so destitute but that some worthy, though generally very feeble, brother would arise with an air of triumph which we have not seen since, until Mr. Mann's ovation over us, and say, "Don't you pay postage and buy dutiable goods?" "Yes, verily," was our reply. "Then, what's the difference between you and John Tyler!" We really thought we had established that there is a distinction between submitting to a law, because you can't help yourself, and making it, by your own direct vote or your representatives. But perhaps there is none, and Mr. Oscar Lafayette, who has just refused to take the oath of allegiance to Louis Napoleon, and thereby lost his commission, is as guilty of his tyrannies as St. Arnaud himself, because he pays postage. But Mr. Mann must n't crow over the discovery as the result of his own particular incubation. It was hatched long before he begun to *peep*.

I believe it is Dr. Johnson who said "that no man was ever written down except by himself." Mr. Mann seems to have set himself seriously to work to carry out that process. He has had the reputation of being a man of rather more than average ability. No one would, surely, ever arrive at such a conclusion who should judge of him only from his controversy with Mr. Phillips. If this afford a fair specimen of his logic, his ethics, his law, his temper and his manners, it is no wonder that he left the bar to superintend schools, and then, attempting public life and failing in it, that he should retire to the Western country to try and find a career among strangers. Not that he does not display ingenuity, but it is the ingenuity of an Old Bailey attorney; and quickness enough, but it is the agility of a Clown in the Ring, who jumps between his antagonist's legs, and, hitting him a blow behind, waves his wooden sword in sign of triumph. His ingenuity has been shown in avoiding every issue presented to him by his opponent, in leaving his readers as ignorant when he left off as when he begun as to his opinion on the main point on which the political argument rested, and in diverting attention from material questions, as they arose, to absurdly inconsequential issues. He had the disadvantage, to be sure, of having lost his temper in the beginning of his controversy, and having to deal with an adversary who kept the entire control of his. As Mr. Phillips would condescend to take no notice of the impertinency and insults of Mr. Mann, and contented himself with sweeping away his sophistries, if he would suffer them to hang long enough without spinning them over again. Mr. Mann was placed in a predicament eminently uncomfortable to one of his temperament. The calm contempt with which Mr. Phillips passed by all the abuse which Mr. Mann, doubtless, regarded as the strongest part of his argument, while he contented himself with exposing the anility of his positions and his logic, must have been deeply mortifying to so vain a man. They fully account for the grotesque antics of simulated triumph by which he made himself ridiculous in his concluding letter, when he found Mr. Phillips declined further controversy with him.

It is very well known that Mr. Mann is not without unfriends in Massachusetts. It is alleged of him that he is selfish, unscrupulous, slippery and tricky. To be sure, this reputation prevails, chiefly, among the Whig party, to which he clung with such a desperate tenacity, and which found it so hard to get rid of him, but that party constitutes a large proportion of the inhabitants. I have always supposed that these allegations were pure inventions of the enemy, or, at least, very strong exaggerations. If anything could induce me to believe that the majority was right for once, it would be his part in this discussion. What a case, for instance, does Mr. Mann give his mislikers to cite against him, where, in his absurd attempt to show that he did all that he ought in behalf of the coloured children, when Superintendent of schools, he says "*Nine years ago*, I published articles and arguments in my *Common School Journal*, vindicating the right of coloured children to attend our public schools with whites." Who would not suppose, from this way of stating his case, that *he* was the author of the "articles and arguments?" And yet the only allusion to the subject is the mention of Mr. Fletcher's legal opinion on the unconstitutionality of the Separate Schools, and the resolutions of the Salem City Government abolishing them, without note or comment by Mr. Mann! To be sure, what he says is *literally* true, for he did publish "articles and arguments," calling the Salem Resolutions "articles," and Mr. Fletcher's opinion "arguments;" but the impression conveyed by the form of words was almost necessarily false. You remember what King Biddle said about truth being so arranged as to have the effect of falsehood. Suppose Mr. Fletcher's opinion had been in favour of Separate Schools, and the City Government of Salem had set them up instead of abolishing them, and Mr. Mann had copied both into his *Journal*, as he might very properly have done, as a part of the current history of Education, and Mr. Phillips had said, "Nine years ago Mr. Mann published articles and arguments in favour of Coloured Schools," what an outcry would not Mr. Mann have sent up, against the injustice of attributing to him the doings and words of others. But the case would have been a precise counterpart to the one Mr. Mann sets up. I have no doubt that Mr. Mann really thinks that the claims of truth are sufficiently satisfied by such a verbal fulfilment of his statement; but he must not be surprised if men of the world should say, as I heard one, in view of it, "Why, this man seems to want to have the advantage of a lie, without having the courage to tell it!"

But I had not the faintest intention of looking at any of the serious aspects of this controversy. The Comical ones were too plenty to reduce me to that point. To think of Mr. Mann, a Free Soiler, and a member of Congress, *twitting* Mr. Phillips with taking six months (or a year, I forget which) to get up a speech! Really! How long does it take Mr. Mann, not to mention other eminent Free Soilers, to produce one? How many Anti-Slavery speeches has he made in the four years he has been in Congress? How many has any of them made, always excepting honest old Joshua Giddings, who *has* been able "to catch the Speaker's eye" tolerably often? And then we don't pay Mr. Phillips eight dollars a day and mileage, to do our work for us. Sure, never was there a more unlucky flirt than this! This is, indeed,

> "The gun that, aimed at duck or plover,
> Recoils and kicks its owner over."

And then Mr. Mann's diverting war-dance, in his last letter, over the enemy who declined being the tar get of his abuse any longer! As long as there was any possibility of Mr. Mann becoming a fair opponent, willing to argue a question like a gentleman, Mr. Phillips was willing to wait for him to recover his temper and collect his logic. But when it was plain that Mr. Mann's only strategy was to throw mud at his antagonist, and dust in the eyes of the bystanders, Mr. Phillips thought himself at liberty to withdraw from his neighbourhood. And then Mr. Mann raises his song of triumph and magnifies the glorious victory he has achieved! It is as if a Scavenger, having a dispute with a Gentleman, desirous of doing him justice, if he had harmed him, and being shown to be in the wrong, should carry on the discussion by the professional argument of handfuls of dirt, and his antagonist, having done all that fairness could demand, retires out of his reach, should wave his broom over his head and shout Victory! See how he runs away! Mr. Mann should consider that there is a point at which a gentleman may withdraw from a contest with one who shows himself, certainly, not his equal in that particular. But I must stop or lose the post.—D. T.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

SALOON OF THE STEAMER WINDSOR,
Steaming away from Liverpool to Dublin,
19th May, 1853.

MY DEAR GAY: You will be pleased to know that we have a fine night and smooth water, since you would otherwise have a poor chance of a letter from your Dublin Correspondent, penned amidst the noises and tremour of a steamboat in the Irish Channel.

The last time I wrote to you was, I think, to give you "a piece of my mind" respecting some remarks in the *Standard* on the course of the Broad Street Committee and Lord Shaftesbury's draft of an Address from the Ladies of England to their sisters in America. I remain entirely of the same mind, that no delinquency, shortcoming, or want of magnanimity, on the part of some of the members of that committee, whether evinced by themselves or their late secretary, should tempt you to repay them in the same kind of spurious coin. I observe that, heedless of my wrath, the same offence is repeated in the more official form of the last Massachusetts Annual Anti-Slavery Report. I am sorry for it. I think the writer lowers his dignity by condescending to countenance the doctrine of gradual emancipation, and by stating that the Broad Street Committee was rebuffed by Lord Shaftesbury when they proposed some amendments in his Address—the fact being, as I am assured, that Lord Shaftesbury objected to adopting those amendments only because it was too late to make the correction; and everybody knows that Immediateism is the very life of Abolitionism, and that none uphold this doctrine more strongly than do the Boston Abolitionists. I have spoken to many of your warmest friends on this point, and they are entirely agreed with me that you need not go wrong to show your disapprobation of anybody. I know you have been disgusted by stories of the disposition that exists in New Broad Street, as well as in many other parts of London, to exhibit an absurd deference and prostration before our titled aristocracy—to run after great people—and to regulate their Anti-Slavery efforts rather by the rules of conventional precedence than with a single eye to the good of the slave, and to the zeal and talents of his friends. This I believe to be too true. It is the bane of philanthropic efforts in England. Too much depends on the Secretary—too little upon the individual convictions, activity and zeal of the members. A few rich and benevolent men supply the greater part of the sinews of war, and in exchange the control of the society is given up to them or to the man of their choice. Thus the evils or the benefits of an absolute despotism, or of an oligarchy are secured, and those of a free republican *regime* are out of the question. The freedom, the brotherly equality, the cordiality, the elasticity of your societies and conventions are unknown in the great philanthropic societies that have their headquarters in London. I have attended several Anti-Slavery delegations and conventions in London, and have always been impressed with the ready-planned, cut-and-dry, mechanical character of the proceedings. It appeared to me as if the great majority of the members or delegates were called together rather to make an imposing show than as people whose judgment was thought of the least consequence.

I left London this morning at an early hour; and was up so early in order to be in time to secure the train, that I had intended taking to my berth as soon as I came on board. But as to-morrow will be the last day for writing by this week's American Mail, and I shall be too busy to-morrow to write, I may as well now give you a few more of my experiences.

Twelve days ago I sailed from Dublin to Plymouth, in order to see the last of some young friends about to take a trip to Australia. "A trip to Australia" is a common phrase now. How it would have sounded in Captain Cook's time! We seem not far from the verification of Tommy Moore's prophecy, put forth when railways were first projected, thirty years ago, that ere long old dowagers and their daughters would be "taking tea and toast on the Wall of China." In Plymouth we were detained four days waiting for the ship, which had left London, and was, as commonly happens, nearly a week in making her way down the English Channel before she could call at Plymouth for her live mutton, pork, and poultry, and for the remainder of her passengers.

Plymouth and Devonport are like the Siamese Twins, the band of union being represented by the long street of Stonehouse. They are called "The Three Towns" ("three single gentlemen rolled into one"), and contain about 100,000 souls, a great portion of which are those of soldiers and sailors. There is a strong citadel; there are great dockyards with huge ships of war on the stocks; and there are hundreds of cannon gaping open-mouthed at you with their black muzzles whenever you come near the fortified places. "The Three Towns" are lively, bustling, and prosperous; nothing like great poverty is to be seen. The harbour is protected by the famous Breakwater, a long mole raised across the mouth of the haven so as to break the force of the sea, and allowing free entrance at either end, provided you come on a friendly errand; if otherwise, every arrangement is made for blowing you to atoms. Between the town and the open harbour is a high hill called the How (pronounced Ho—no doubt originally Haut)—from which there is a fine prospect of sea and land, town and country, including the Eddystone lighthouse, built on a very small and dangerous rock about eight miles from shore. The rock on which it stands is so little larger than the base of the edifice, that it looks like a millstone rising from the expanse of the sea.

Well, the Hempsyke appeared at last; my friends went on board; I accompanied them to see them comfortably settled, and then set off for London by the rail. South Devon from Plymouth to Exeter is famous for its rural beauty. Teignmouth, Exmouth, Totness and Torquay are celebrated watering-places. Exeter is a fine old city, and has a grand old gothic cathedral, worth a long journey to behold. From Exeter to London, except in the neighbourhood of Bristol and Bath, the country is as flat as a pancake, sometimes exceedingly luxuriant, rich, and beautiful; highly cultivated, radiant with all the charms of English rural beauty, hedges, green lanes, smiling meadows, comfortable farm-houses, and "the Stately Homes of England," which Mrs. Hemans sings with such a relish. It was a very pleasant journey, about as interesting to me as it would have been to you, through the heart of England—Devonshire, Somerset, Wilts, Berks, Oxford, Buckingham, and Middlesex.

I like railway travelling (when you are not blown up), so rapid and so regular. I like the grand old flourishing country. And above all, I enjoy the immensity and sublimity of "Old Dingy" herself, as London is sometimes rather irreverently called.

On my arrival, I posted off to 22 Cecil Street, Strand; and there, in the first room I entered, I found a covey of Abolitionists from Philadelphia, Boston, Wisconsin, Bristol, and London. One of these was George Thompson, and there I first laid eyes on James Miller McKim, and I don't care how often I see them both again. James is gentle, gentlemanly, and sagacious, "without concealment and without compromise," another edition of "Innocency with his open face." You could not have sent over a fitter man for the social Anti-Slavery gathering. In the society of many of my most intimate Anti-Slavery friends, old and new, I had what H. C. Wright would call "a good time" We had many social meetings; and we all, except George Thompson, went to an Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, to see Mrs. Stowe and to hear what was to be heard. The meeting was prodigious, as full as the Hall could hold, probably 6,000 or 7,000. Mrs. Stowe was seated beside the Duchess of Sutherland, in a side gallery, a sort of seat of honour. Her reception was enthusiastic. She was cheered and cheered to no end; and if loud huzzas will do her any good, you may expect to see her quite fat and hearty when she returns. The Earl of Shaftesbury made a tolerable speech; the Rev. Samuel Ward spoke racily and well on the prejudice against the coloured race, and on the necessity of British watchfulness against the aggressive spirit of the slaveholders. The Rev. Professor Stowe made a mischievous speech which damped the meeting deplorably, and was to the effect that as the British people use four-fifths of the American slave-grown cotton, and as the growth of the slave-power has proceeded from the consumption of cotton, the right and only effectual way of abolishing Slavery is by the disuse of this diabolical guilty cotton. The Professor uttered these absurd sentiments as if he was quite in earnest; as if such books as "Uncle Tom" and the "Key" had never been written; as if morals, religion and sound policy had nothing to do with the matter, but that our duty respecting Slavery resolved itself into an accurate investigation into the geography and history of the component parts of the shirts on our backs and the linings of our coats.

No other attempt was made at the meeting to show that vast assembly how they could do anything to liberate the slave; nothing to interest their sympathies on the part of those who are labouring in America to help the oppressed, to rouse the apathetic, to instruct the ignorant, to rebuke the guilty.

The Resolutions were good, but they were hardly heard by the meeting, and were in general badly spoken to, by a number of men who had little claim to appear on that platform, except that they were the prominent ministers of some of the largest dissenting congregations in London. We know that a man may have a large parish, yet be a very ill-informed Abolitionist.

I have long had a poor opinion of the efficiency of the Broad Street Committee. But I confess they managed to get up a grand meeting to less purpose and wasted a noble opportunity more deplorably than ever I gave them credit for. The new Secretary is an honest and a zealous man; but what can one do in a Society where the spirit of management, exclusiveness, and sectarianism, has long benumbed the active promotion of the Anti-Slavery Cause? We all went home sad and disappointed. What might not have been done with such a meeting? How I wished for George Thompson in his might! How I repeated to myself "Oh! for one hour of Dundee!"

To come down from great things to small, I have seen Ellen Craft's baby—a free-born Englishman, seven months old—a bouncing, bright-eyed, plump little fellow—the rose of Europe mantling over the African bronze on his chubby cheeks.

Yours, ever truly, RICHARD D. WEBB.

MRS. STOWE has been offered, by an Edinburgh publishing house, the sum of $10,000, and half the proceeds of the work after that sum is realized, for a temperance tale.

THE Rhode Island Convention of Universalists, which recently met at Providence, passed resolutions sustaining the "Maine Law" and others denouncing the Fugitive Slave Law.

VERMONT FREE SOIL NOMINATIONS.—For Governor, Lawrence Brainerd; Lieut. Governor, William Pingry; Treasurer, D. P. Thompson.

OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Directors announce that the World's Exhibition will open on the 15th of July. Our distant readers will do well, however, not to pack their trunks for a visit to the Palace, until they learn, on good authority, that the Exhibition is actually open. Otherwise they may be under the disagreeable necessity of unpacking again, or paying heavy board bills at our hotels.

MULTIDEXTROUS.—There is a child born of respectable parents in Fairhaven, having eight fingers upon one hand. The child in every other respect is well formed and healthy. It is now only fifteen months old. By and by, the physicians think the extra fingers may be safely amputated.—*New Bedford Mercury*, 30th *ult.*

WE find an important typographical error in the *Belfast* (Me.) *Journal*, to which we call the attention of the editor. He says, "no class of men have done *more* to help on the abolition movement than the clergy." For "more" read "less." It is not possible that the writer meant to inculcate the idea his types have advanced.—*Lowell American.*

BENTON THROWN OVERBOARD.—The Pierce Administration is showing very little respect for the gray hairs of "Old Bullion." Linn, who is the most truculent enemy of Benton, in Missouri, has been appointed to the fat place of Collector of St. Louis. When the old veteran gets fairly at work in the House of Representatives, next session, he is expected to set any number of "balls in motion."

LIBEL SUIT.—Hon. John P. Hale and Richard H. Dana, Jr. are retained as counsel by B. B. Mussey of Boston, in the libel case between himself and George T. Curtis, Esq. The suit originated in the publication by Mr. Mussey, in his edition of Horace Mann's speeches, &c., of some passages reflecting with severity upon Mr. Curtis' conduct as United States Commissioner under the Fugitive Slave Law.

THE Meeting of the Universalist General Reform Association (held in Boston during Anniversary week), though not great in numbers, was deeply interesting. Reports on Juvenile criminals, Temperance and Slavery, were well-timed and able. The last, by Rev. E. Brooks, of Lynn, was exceedingly able and truthful, and appropriate; and occupied an hour and a quarter in the delivery. It will be published.

HIS Holiness, the Pope, who keeps the keys of Heaven and Hell, has been frightened out of his seven senses by a mere woman—Mrs. H. B. Stowe. He has forbidden the circulation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in his dominions, the bits on *Slavery* coming, perhaps, a little too near home. We shou.d'nt be surprised if the Southern taskmasters turned Catholics on the strength of this lofty, Christian and magnanimous act of the Pope. He is evidently the true head of their church, if this report of his doings be true.

THE HALE MEDAL.—A medal is to be presented in a few days to Hon. John P. Hale, by the crew of the sloop of war Germantown, on the face of which the following inscription is cut:

"Presented to the Hon. John P. Hale, by the crew of the sloop of war Germantown, as a mark of their appreciation of his meritorious efforts in securing the abolition of flogging in the United States Navy."

On the reverse, a scene on shipboard is represented. The medal weighs forty-four pennyweights, and is valued at over $100.

THE INSTITUTION.—The Milton (North Carolina) *Standard* says: The negroes advertised in this paper by Thomas L. Lee, Esq., Commissioner, to be sold at Yanceyville last Monday, were disposed of in the following order, as furnished by General T. W. Graves, the auctioneer:

1 Man, aged 49 years, sold for	$1,000
1 Girl, aged 19 years, and child	1,225
1 Boy, aged 18 years	1,225
1 Boy, aged 15 years	1,400
1 Boy, aged 13 years	1,350
1 Boy, aged 11 years	820
1 Boy, aged 9 years	1,025

Sold on six month's credit. So much for advertising in this paper.

NEGRO STAMPEDE.—Slaves are running away from Missouri, at the present time, in battalions. Three belonging to Mr. R. Meek, of Weston, ran away on Wednesday of last week—two of whom were afterwards apprehended. They were making for the Plains. Fifteen made a stampede from Ray county, the week before, and took the line of their march for Iowa. Several were captured in Grundy county, but the larger number made good their escape. It would be a glorious thing for Missouri, if all her slaves should take it into their heads to run away. If she only knew it, they are one of the greatest drawbacks to her advancement and prosperity.—*Alton Telegraph.*

BADGER HOG FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.—The Milwaukee *Daily Sentinel* says: "A monster hog, weighing *eleven hundred and nine pounds*, was lately shipped on board the steamer Arctic, on his way to the World's Fair at New York. He was purchased by Messrs. R. Bugg and R. Stewart, of Niagara County, N. Y., for $200, from Mr. Hollister B. Thayer, of Troy, Walworth County, Wis. His actual measurement was as follows: Girth behind the shoulders, 6 feet 7 inches; extreme length, 9 feet 11 inches; height to top of the back, 3 feet 10 inches. He was perfectly white, and only twenty months old. The hind wheels of the wagon were taken off, when the animal walked off of his own accord, on board the boat, and laid down on deck, contented. The owners are confident of making him weigh *eighteen hundred pounds*, when fatted; live weight. This is *one* of the specimens Wisconsin sends to the World's Fair; it will be hard to beat."

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—*Preble County (Ohio) Station.*—A friend writing from Preble county, May 23d, gives the following report from the Underground Railroad there: "Twenty-four Fugitives passed through this county a few weeks ago, and their masters, in pursuit, were within fifteen feet of them, and yet failed to get them, owing to the timely attention of a friend of the slave, who secreted them."

Darke County Station.—Another friend, writing from Darke county, says: "I was happy to see an article in your last paper, from Bibb's Voice of the Fugitive. I know a LITTLE about a certain stampede that traveled not 100 miles from here—fine, robust looking fellows. They had a preacher along. He left his Bible in the neighbourhood, and promised to get a Canadian one when he got *home*. I judge they would have fought like tigers, as they were all armed. I would not like to have attempted to stop them.

"The Underground Railroad was never in a more hopeful condition. The fugitive law has raised the stock on some of our Western tracks, at least 50 to 75 per cent. Some new tracks have lately gone into successful operation, and the old tracks have undergone a thorough repair. No accidents have occurred, although three suspicious looking fellows from Kentucky crossed the line without knowing it, and offered a large reward to some of our citizens who were not above suspicion, to inform them about the terminus. They bought some horses, cursed the country, and travelled the old pike road home. They were not in hunt of horses, but in search of a certain preacher of the everlasting gospel, who they declared had gone to preach to the people of Canada, and left his kind friends in Kentucky to mourn over his departure."—*Columbus* (O.) *Columbian.*

OBITUARY.

DIED, in Easton, N. Y., on the 17th of 5th month, 1853, SARAH T., only surviving daughter of John and Lydia Wilbur, in the 18th year of her age. In her decease, the parents who, four years since, were called to part with another much loved daughter, in the bloom of early womanhood, have realized a deep bereavement; confiding brothers have lost a devoted and affectionate sister; a large circle of relatives and associates have parted with a cherished and justly valued friend; and the cause of Reform misses an earnest and untiring advocate.

From her childhood she had felt a deep interest in the Anti-Slavery movement, and was ever ready to give her voice of sympathy for the slave, and works and words of cheer and encouragement for the advocates of his cause.

She was also much interested in the cause of Temperance, the elevation and enfranchisement of Woman, the "Dress Reform," and kindred efforts to improve and bless our race. It was remarked by those who attended her during an illness of ten weeks that they did not hear a word of murmuring or repining escape her lips. When Anti-Slavery meetings were held in the neighbourhood, while she was feeble and rapidly declining, she urged her parents not to stay at home on her account, but to give their presence and their influence to sustain that noble cause which lay so near her heart. She failed gradually till the date above mentioned, when, quietly and peacefully, she breathed her last, and the Spirit was released from the fetters of clay. S.

Deaths.

GAY—On Monday, June 6th, at the residence of Frederick Allen, Esq., Gardiner, Maine, Martin, the only child of Eleanor A. Gay, widow of the late Dr. Martin Gay, of Boston, aged 3 years and 4 months.

HARNED—In Philadelphia, Thursday, 26th ult., in consequence of injuries received on the Reading and Pottsville Railroad, on the previous day, John Harned, Senr., in the 76th year of his age, father of Mr. William Harned, so long connected with the office of the American Missionary Association, and the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, in this city. Mr. Harned was a native of Princeton, N. J., and removed to Philadelphia while a lad, where he had resided nearly sixty years. He was one of the original members of the Evangelical Society, and assisted in forming the first Sabbath or First-Day School in the United States. He took an active part in connection with the late Rev. Joseph Eastburn, in founding the first Chapel for Sailors, and was truly and emphatically the sailors' friend. For a number of years he was a constant visitor of the Prisons, Hospitals, and Orphan and Widows' Asylums, for the purpose of imparting religious instruction.

☞ LETTERS and communications for the subscriber, whether on business of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society or otherwise, should be sent to him at LEICESTER, Mass., until further notice.

SAMUEL MAY, JR.

☞ CHANGE OF POST OFFICE.—Our Post Office at North Easton, N. Y., having been removed to a Liquor-Selling Establishment, despite our remonstrance against it, we have concluded to request our friends to address us hereafter at Galesville, Washington County, N. Y.

Job Wilbur, Lydia Wilbur,
John Wilbur, Phebe T. Wilbur,
Samuel Wilbur, Hannah Thomas.

Call for a Coloured National Convention.

FELLOW CITIZENS: In the exercise of a liberty which, we hope, you will not deem unwarrantable, and which is given us, in virtue of our connection and identity with you, the undersigned do hereby, most earnestly and affectionately, invite you, by your appropriate and chosen representatives, to assemble at ROCHESTER, N. Y., on the 6th of July, 1853, under the form and title of a National Convention of the free people of colour of the United States.

After due thought and reflection upon the subject, in which has entered a profound desire to serve a common cause, we have arrived at the conclusion, that the time has now fully come when the free coloured people from all parts of the United States, should meet together, to confer and deliberate upon their present condition, and upon principles and measures important to their welfare, progress and general improvement.

The aspects of our cause, whether viewed as being hostile or friendly, are alike full of argument in favour of such a Convention. Both reason and feeling have assigned to us a place in the conflict now going on in our land, between liberty and equality on the one hand, and Slavery and caste on the other—a place which we cannot fail to occupy without branding ourselves as unworthy of our natural post, and recreant to the cause we profess to love. Under the whole heavens, there is not to be found a people which can show better cause for assembling in such Convention than we.

Our fellow-countrymen now in chains, to whom we are united in a common destiny, demand it; and a wide solicitude for our own honour, and that of our children, impel us to this course of action. We have gross and flagrant wrongs against which, if we are men of spirit, we are bound to protest. We have high and holy rights, which every instinct of human nature and every sentiment of manly virtue bid us to preserve and protect to the full extent of our ability. We have opportunities to improve—difficulties peculiar to our condition to meet—mistakes and errors of our own to correct—and therefore we need the accumulated knowledge, the united character, and the combined wisdom of our people to make us (under God) sufficient for these things. The Fugitive Slave Act, the most cruel, unconstitutional and scandalous outrage of modern times—the proscriptive legislation of several States with a view to drive our people from their borders—the exclusion of our children from schools supported by our money—the prohibition of the franchise—the exclusion of coloured citizens from the jury box—the social barriers erected against our learning trades—the wily and vigorous efforts of the American Colonisation Society to employ the arm of government to expel us from our native land—and withal the propitious awakening to the fact of our condition at home and abroad, which has followed the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—call trumpet-tongued for our Union, co-operation and action in the premises.

Convinced that the number amongst us must be small, who so far miscalculate and undervalue the importance of united and intelligent moral action, as to regard it as useless, the undersigned do not feel called upon here for an argument in its favour. Our warfare is not one where force can be employed; we battle against false and hurtful customs, and against the great errors and opinions which support such customs. Nations are more and more subject to the enlightened and energetically expressed judgment of mankind. On the subject of our own condition and welfare, we may safely and properly appeal to that judgment. Let us meet, then, near the anniversary of this nation's independence, and enforce anew the great principles and self-evident truths which were proclaimed at the beginning of the Republic.

Among the matters which will engage the attention of the Convention, will be a proposition to establish a NATIONAL COUNCIL of our people with a view to permanent existence. This subject is one of vast importance, and should only be disposed of in the light of wise deliberation. There will come before the Convention matters touching the disposition of such funds as our friends abroad, through Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, may appropriate to the cause of our progress and improvement. In a word, the whole field of our interests will be opened to enquiry, investigation and determination.

That this may be done successfully, it is desirable that each delegate to the Convention should bring with him an accurate statement as the number of coloured inhabitants in his town or neighbourhood—the amount of property owned by them—their business or occupation—the state of education—the return of their school privileges, and number of children in attendance, and any other information which may serve the great purposes of the Convention.

In order that no community shall be represented beyond its due proportion, it is intended that the Convention shall only be composed of regularly chosen delegates, appointed by public meetings, and bearing credentials signed by the President of said meetings.

It is recommended that all coloured churches, literary and other societies, banded together for laudable purposes, proceed at once to the appointment of at least one, and not more than three, delegates to attend the National Convention. Such persons as come from towns, villages or counties, where no regular delegate may have been chosen, shall be received and enrolled as honorary members of the Convention.

James W. C. Pennington,	New York City.
Henry M. Wilson,	"
Charles B. Ray,	"
James McCune Smith,	"
William J. Wilson,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Junius C. Morell,	"
John N. Still,	"
Amos N. Freeman,	"
Jacob P. Morris,	Rochester, N. Y.
Frederick Douglass,	"
William H. Topp,	Albany, N. Y.
Stephen Myers,	"
George T. Downing,	Providence, R. I.
William Jepson,	"
John N. Smith,	"
John Mercer Langston,	Ohio.
William H. Day,	"
David Jenkins,	"
John J. Gaines,	"
Martin R. Delany,	Pennsylvania.
Charles L. Reason,	"
J. J. G. Bias,	"
J. B. Vashon,	"
Daniel Ruggles,	New Bedford, Mass.
L. Kelly,	"
Robert Morris,	"
H. O. Wagoner,	Illinois.
E. P. Rogers,	Newark, N. J.
George De Baptist.	Detroit, Mich.
Benjamin Lynch,	Troy, N. Y.
S. S Baltimore,	"
Isaac Cross,	Connecticut.
George Garrison,	"

Female Medical College of Pennsylvania.

FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION.

THE next course of lectures in this Institution will commence on Saturday, October 1st, 1853, and continue *five months* (21 weeks), closing on the 25th of February, 1854.

FACULTY.

David J. Johnson, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.

Ellwood Harvey, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.

Hilbern Darlington, M. D., Professor of Surgery.

Ann Preston, M. D., Professor of Physiology.

Edwin Fussell, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.

Mark G. Kerr, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.

Martha H. Mowry, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.

Almira

Miscellaneous Department.

A HAPPY RETURN TO CRANFORD.

BEFORE I left Miss Matey at Cranford everything had been comfortably arranged for her. Even Mrs. Jamieson's approval of her selling tea had been gained. That oracle had taken a few days to consider whether by so doing Miss Matey would forfeit her right to the privileges of society in Cranford. I think she had some little idea of mortifying Lady Glenmire by the decision she gave at last; which was to this effect: that whereas a married woman takes her husband's rank by the strict laws of precedence, an unmarried woman retains the station her father occupied. So Cranford was allowed to visit Miss Matey; and, whether allowed or not, it intended to visit Lady Glenmire. But what was our surprise—our dismay—when we learnt that Mr. and *Mrs. Hoggins* were returning on the following Tuesday. Mrs. Hoggins! Had she absolutely dropped her title, and so, in a spirit of bravado, cut the aristocracy to become a Hoggins! She, who might have been called Lady Glenmire to her dying day! Mrs. Jamieson was pleased. She said it only convinced her of what she had known from the first, that the creature had a low taste. But "the creature" looked very happy on Sunday at church; nor did we see it necessary to keep our veils down on that side of our bonnets on which Mr. and Mrs. Hoggins sate, as Mrs. Jamieson did; thereby missing all the smiling glory of his face, and all the becoming blushes of hers. I am not sure if Martha and Jem looked more radiant in the afternoon, when they too made their first appearance. Mrs. Jamieson soothed the turbulence of her soul, by having the blinds of her windows drawn down, as if for a funeral, on the day when Mr. and Mrs. Hoggins received callers; and it was with some difficulty that she was prevailed upon to continue the St. James' Chronicle, so indignant was she with its having inserted the announcement of the marriage.

Miss Matey's sale went off famously. She retained the furniture of her sitting-room, and bed-room; the former of which she was to occupy till Martha could meet with a lodger who might wish to take it; and into this sitting-room and bed room she had to cram all sorts of things, which were (the auctioneer assured her) bought in for her at the sale by an unknown friend. I always suspected Mrs. Fitz-Adam of this; but she must have had an accessory, who knew what articles were particularly regarded by Miss Matey on account of their associations with her early days. The rest of the house looked rather bare to be sure; all except one tiny bed-room, of which my father allowed me to purchase the furniture for my occasional use, in case of Miss Matey's illness. I had expended my own small store in buying all manner of comfits and lozenges in order to tempt the little people whom Miss Matey loved so much, to come about her. Tea in bright green canisters—and comfits in tumblers—Miss Matey and I felt quite proud as we looked round us on the evening before the shop was to be opened. Martha had scoured the boarded floor to a white cleanness, and it was adorned with a brilliant piece of oil-cloth on which customers were to stand before the table counter. The wholesome smell of plaster and white-wash pervaded the apartment. A very small "Matilda Jenkyns, licensed to sell tea" was hidden under the lintel of the new door, and two boxes of tea with cabalistic inscriptions all over them stood ready to disgorge their contents into the canisters. Miss Matey, as I ought to have mentioned before, had had some scruples of conscience at selling tea when there was already Mr. Wright in the town, who included it among his numerous commodities; and, before she could quite reconcile herself to the adoption of her new business, she had trotted down to his shop, unknown to me, to tell him of the project that was entertained, and to inquire if it was likely to injure his business. My father called this idea of hers "great nonsense," and "wondered how tradespeople were to get on if there was to be a continual consulting of each others' interests, which would put a stop to all competition directly;" and perhaps it would not have done in Drumble, but in Cranford it answered very well; for not only did Mr. Wright kindly put at rest all Miss Matey's scruples, and fear of injuring his business, but I have reason to know he repeatedly sent customers to her, saying that the teas he kept were of a common kind, but that Miss Jenkyns had all the choice sorts. And expensive tea is a very favourite luxury with well-to-do tradespeople, and rich farmers' wives, who turn up their noses at the Congou and Souchong prevalent at many tables of gentility, and will have nothing less than Gunpowder and Pekoe for themselves.

But to return to Miss Matey. It was really very pleasant to see how her unselfishness, and simple sense of justice called out the same good qualities in others. She never seemed to think any one would impose upon her, because she should be so grieved to do it to them. I have heard her put a stop to the asseverations of the man who brought her coals, by quietly saying, "I am sure you would be sorry to bring me wrong weight;" and if the coals were short measure that time, I don't believe they ever were again. People would have felt as much ashamed of presuming on her good faith as they would have done on that of a child. But my father says, "such simplicity might be very well in Cranford, but would never do in the world;" and I fancy the world must be very bad, for with all my father's suspicion of every one with whom he has dealings, and in spite of all his many precautions, he lost upwards of a thousand pounds by roguery only last year.

I just stayed long enough to establish Miss Matey in her new mode of life, and to pack up the library, which the rector had purchased. He had written a very kind letter to Miss Matey, saying, "how glad he should be to take a library so well selected as he knew that the late Mr. Jenkyns' must have been at any valuation put upon them." And when she agreed to do this, with a touch of sorrowful gladness that they would go back to the rectory, and be arranged on the accustomed walls once more, he sent word that he feared that he had not room for them all, and perhaps Miss Matey would kindly allow him to leave some volumes on her shelves. But Miss Matey said that she had her Bible, and Johnson's Dictionary, and should not have much time for reading she was afraid. Still I retained a few books out of consideration for the rector's kindness. The money which he had paid, and that produced by the sale, was partly expended in the stock of tea, and part of it was invested against a rainy day; i. e. old age or illness. It was but a small sum, it is true; and it occasioned a few evasions of truth and white lies (all of which I think very wrong indeed—in theory—and would rather not put them in practice), for we knew Miss Matey would be perplexed as to her duty if she were aware of any little reserve-fund being made for her while the debts of the Bank remained unpaid. Moreover, she had never been told of the way in which her friends were contributing to pay the rent. I should have liked to tell her this; but the mystery of the affair gave a piquancy to their deed of kindness which the ladies were unwilling to give up; and at first Martha had to shirk many a perplexed question as to her ways and means of living in such a house; but by and bye Miss Matey's prudent uneasiness sank down into acquiescence with the existing arrangement.

I left Miss Matey with a good heart. Her sales of tea during the first two days had surpassed my most sanguine expectations. The whole country round seemed to be all out of tea at once. The only alteration I could have desired in Miss Matey's way of doing business was, that she should not have so plaintively entreated some of her customers not to buy green tea—running it down as slow poison, sure to destroy the nerves, and produce all manner of evil. Their pertinacity in taking it, in spite of all her warnings, distressed her so much that I really thought she would relinquish the sale of it, and so lose half her custom; and I was driven to my wits' end for instances of longevity entirely attributable to a persevering use of green tea. But the final argument, which settled the question, was a happy reference of mine to the train oil and tallow candles which the Esquimaux not only enjoy but digest. After that she acknowledged that "one man's meat might be another man's poison," and contented herself thenceforward with an occasional remonstrance, when she thought the purchaser was too young and innocent to be acquainted with the evil effects green tea produced on some constitutions; and an habitual sigh when people old enough to choose more wisely would prefer it

I went over from Drumble once a quarter at least, to settle the accounts, and see after the necessary business letters. And, speaking of letters, I began to be very much ashamed of remembering my letter to the Aga Jenkyns, and very glad I had never named my writing to any one. I only hoped the letter was lost. No answer came. No sign was made.

About a year after Miss Matey set up shop, I received one of Martha's hieroglyphics, begging me to come to Cranford very soon. I was afraid Miss Matey was ill, and went off that very afternoon, and took Martha by surprise when she saw me on opening the door. We went into the kitchen, as usual, to have our confidential conference; and then Martha told me she was expecting her confinement very soon—in a week or two; and she did not think Miss Matey was aware of it; and she wanted me to break the news to her, "for indeed Miss!" continued Martha, crying hysterically, "I'm afarid she won't approve of it; and I'm sure I don't know who is to take care of her as she should be taken care of, when I am laid up." I comforted Martha by telling her I would remain till she was about again; and only wished she had told me her reason for this sudden summons, as then I would have brought the requisite stock of clothes. But Martha was so tearful and tender-spirited, and unlike her usual self, that I said as little as possible about myself, and endeavoured rather to comfort Martha under all the probable and possible misfortunes which came crowding upon her imagination. I then stole out of the house-door, and made my appearance, as if I were a customer, in the shop, just to take Miss Matey by surprise, and gain an idea of how she looked in her new situation. It was warm May weather, so only the little half-door was closed; and Miss Matey sat behind her counter, knitting an elaborate pair of garters: elaborate they seemed to me, but the difficult stitch was no weight upon her mind, for she was singing in a low voice to herself as her needles went rapidly in and out I call it singing, but I dare say a musician would not use that word to the tuneless yet sweet humming of the low worn voice. I found out from the words, far more than from the attempt at the tune, that it was the Old Hundredth she was crooning to herself: but the quiet continuous sound told of content, and gave me a pleasant feeling, as I stood in the street just outside the door, quite in harmony with that soft May morning. I went in. At first she did not catch who it was, and stood up as if to serve me; but in another minute watchful pussey had clutched her knitting, which was dropped in her eager joy at seeing me. I found, after we had a little conversation, that it was as Martha said, and that Miss Matey had no idea of the approaching household event. So I thought I would let things take their course, secure that when I went to her with the baby in my arms I should obtain that forgiveness for Martha which she was needlessly frightening herself into believing that Miss Matey would withhold, under some notion that the new claimant would require attention from its mother that it would be faithless treason to Miss Matey to render.

But I was right. I think that must be an hereditary quality, for my father says he is scarcely ever wrong. One morning, within a week after I arrived, I went to call Miss Matey, with a little bundle of flannel in my arms. She was very much awe-struck when I showed her what it was, and asked for her spectacles off the dressing-table, and looked at it curiously, with a sort of tender wonder at its small perfection of parts. She could not banish the thought of the surprise all day, but went about on tip-toe, and was very silent. But she stole up to see Martha, and they both cried with joy; and she got into a complimentary speech to Jem, and did not know how to get out of it again, and was only extricated from her dilemma by the sound of the shop-bell, which was an equal relief to the shy, proud, honest Jem, who shook my hand so vigorously when I congratulated him that I think I feel the pain of it yet.

I had a busy life while Martha was laid up. I attended on Miss Matey, and prepared her meals; I cast up her accounts, and examined into the state of her canisters and tumblers. I helped her too occasionally in the shop; and it gave me no small amusement, and sometimes a little uneasiness, to watch her ways there. If a little child came in to ask for an ounce of almond-comfits (and four of the large kind which Miss Matey sold weighed that much), she always added one more by "way of make-weight" as she called it, although the scale was handsomely turned before; and when I remonstrated against this, her reply was "The little things like it so much!" There was no use in telling her, that the fifth comfit weighed a quarter of an ounce, and made every sale into a loss to her pocket. So I remembered the green tea and winged my shaft with a feather out of her own plumage. I told her how unwholesome almond-comfits were; and how ill excess in them might make the little children. This argument produced some effect; for, henceforward, instead of the fifth comfit, she always told them to hold out their tiny palms, into which she shook either peppermint or ginger lozenges, as a preventive to the dangers that might arise from the previous sale. Altogether, the lozenge trade, conducted on these principles, did not promise to be remunerative; but I was happy to find she had made more than twenty pounds during the last year by her sales of tea; and, moreover, that now she was accustomed to it, she did not dislike the employment which brought her into kindly intercourse with many of the people round about. If she gave them good weight, they, in their turn, brought many a little country present to the "old rector's daughter;" a cream cheese, a few new-laid eggs, a little fresh ripe fruit, a bunch of flowers; the counter was quite loaded with these offerings sometimes, as she told me.

As for Cranford in general, it was going on much as usual. The Jamieson and Hoggins feud still raged, if a feud it could be called, when only one side cared much about it. Mr. and Mrs. Hoggins were very happy together; and, like most very happy people, quite ready to be friendly: indeed, Mrs. Hoggins was really desirous to be restored to Mrs. Jamieson's good graces, because of the former intimacy. But Mrs. Jamieson considered their very happiness an insult to the Glenmire family, to which she had still the honour to belong; and she doggedly refused and rejected every advance. Mr. Mulliner, like a faithful clansman, espoused his mistress' side with ardour. If she saw either Mr. or Mrs. Hoggins, he would cross the street, and appear absorbed in the contemplation of life in general, and his own path in particular, until he had passed them by. Miss Pole used to amuse herself with wondering what in the world Mrs. Jamieson would do if either she or Mr. Mulliner, or any other member of her household was taken ill; she could hardly have the face to call in Mr. Hoggins after the way she had behaved to them. Miss Pole grew quite impatient for some indisposition or accident to befall Mrs. Jamieson or her dependants, in order that Cranford might see how she would act under the perplexing circumstances.

Martha was beginning to go about again, and I had already fixed a limit, not very far distant, to my visit, when one afternoon, as I was sitting in the shop-parlor with Miss Matey—I remember the weather was colder now than it had been in May, three weeks before, and we had a fire, and kept the door fully closed—we saw a gentleman go slowly past the window, and then stand opposite to the door, as looking out for the name we had so carfully hidden; he took out a double eye-glass and peered about for some time before he could discover it. And, all on a sudden, it flashed across me that it was the Aga himself? For his clothes had an out-of-the-way foreign cut about them; and his face was deep brown as if tanned and re-tanned by the sun. His complexion contrasted oddly with his plentiful snow-white hair; his eyes were dark and piercing, and he had an odd way of contracting them, and puckering up his cheeks into innumerable wrinkles when he looked earnestly at objects. He did so to Miss Matey when he first came in. His glance had first caught and lingered a little upon me; but then turned, with the peculiar searching look I have described, to Miss Matey. She was a little fluttered and nervous, but no more so than she always was when any man came into her shop. She thought that he would probably have a note or a soverign at least, for which she should have to give change, which was an operation she very much disliked to perform. But the present customer stood opposite to her, without asking for anything, only looking fixedly at her as he drummed upon the table with his fingers, just for all the world as Miss Jenkyns used to do. Miss Matey was on the point of asking him what he wanted (as she told me afterwards), when he turned sharp to me. "Is your name Mary Smith?"

"Yes!" said I.

All my doubts as to his identity were set at rest; and, I only wondered what he would say or do next, and how Miss Matey would stand the joyful shock of what he had to reveal. Apparently he was at a loss how to announce himself; for he looked round at last in search of something to buy, so as to gain time; and, as it happened, his eye caught on the almond comfits, and he boldly asked for a pound of "those things" I doubt if Miss Matey had a pound in the shop; and besides the unusual magnitude of the order, she was distressed with the idea of the indigestion they would produce, taken in such unlimited quantities. She looked up to remonstrate. Something of tender relaxation in his face struck home to her heart. She said, "Is it—oh, sir! can you be Peter?" and trembled from head to foot. In a moment he was round the table, and had her in his arms, sobbing the tearless cry of old age. I brought her a glass of wine; for indeed her colour had changed so as to alarm me, and Mr. Peter too. He kept saying, "Matey, I have, my little girl."

I proposed that she should go at once up into the drawing room and lie down on the sofa there; she looked wistfully at her brother, whose hand she had held tight, even when nearly fainting; but on his assuring her that he would not leave her, she allowed him to carry her up-stairs. I thought that the best I could do, was to run and put the kettle on the fire for early tea, and then to attend to the shop, leaving the brother and sister to exchange some of the many thousand things they must have to say. I had also to break the news to Martha, who received it with a burst of tears, which nearly infected me. She kept recovering herself to ask if I was sure it was indeed Miss Matey's brother; for I had mentioned that he had grey hair, and she had always heard that he was a very handsome young man. Something of the same kind perplexed Miss Matey at tea-time, when she was installed in the great easy chair opposite to Mr. Jenkyns', in order to gaze her fill. She could hardly drink for looking at him; and as for eating, that was out of the question.

"I suppose hot climates age people very quickly," said she, almost to herself. "When you left Cranford, you had not a gray hair in your head."

"But how many years ago is that?" said Mr. Peter, smiling

"Ah! true! yes! I suppose you and I are getting old. But still I did not think we were so very old! But white hair is very becoming to you, Peter," she continued, a little afraid lest she had hurt him by revealing how his appearance had impressed her.

"I suppose I forgot dates too, Matey, for what do you think I have brought for you from India? I have an Indian muslin gown and a pearl necklace for you somewhere or other in my chest at Portsmouth." He smiled as if amused at the idea of the incongruity of his presents with the appearance of his sister; but this did not strike her all at once, while the elegance of the articles did I could see that for a moment her imagination dwelt complacently on the idea of herself thus attired; and instinctively she put her hand up to her throat—that little delicate throat which (as Miss Pole had told me) had been one of her youthful charms; but the hand met the touch of folds of soft muslin, in which she was always swathed up to her chin; and the sensation recalled a sense of the unsuitableness of a pearl necklace to her age. She said, "I'm afraid I'm too old; but it was very kind of you to think of it. They are just what I should have liked years ago—when I was young!"

"So I thought, my little Matey. I remembered your tastes; they were so like my dear mother's." At the mention of that name, the brother and sister clasped each other's hands yet more fondly; and although they were perfectly silent, I fancied they might have something to say if they were unchecked by my presence, and I got up to arrange my room for Mr. Peter's occupation that night, intending myself to share Miss Matey's bed. But at my movement he started up. "I must go and settle about a room at the George. My carpet-bag is there too."

"No!" said Miss Matey in great distress—"you must not go; please, dear Peter—pray, Mary—oh! you must not go!" She was so much agitated that we both promised everything she wished. Peter sat down again, and gave her his hand, which, for better security, she held in both of hers, and I left the room to accomplish my arrangements.

Long, long into the night, far, far into the morning, did Miss Matey and I talk. She had much to tell me of her brother's life and adventures which he had communicated to her, as they had sat alone. She said that all was thoroughly clear to her; but I never quite understood the whole story, and when in after days I lost my awe of Mr. Peter enough to question him myself, he laughed at my curiosity and told me stories that sounded so very much like Baron Munchausen's that I was sure he was making fun of me. What I heard from Miss Matey was that he had been a volunteer at the siege of Rangoon, had been taken prisoner by the Burmese; had somehow obtained favour and eventual freedom from knowing how to bleed the chief of the small tribe in some case of dangerous illness; that on his release from years of captivity, he had had his letters returned from England with the ominous word "Dead" marked upon them; and, believing himself to be the last of his race, he had settled down as an indigo planter; and had proposed to spend the remainder of his life in the country to whose inhabitants and modes of life he had become habituated; when my letter had reached him; and with the odd vehemence which characterized him in age as it had done in youth, he had sold his land and all his possessions to the first purchaser, and come home to the poor old sister, who was more glad and rich than any princess when she looked at him. She talked me to sleep at last, and then I was awakened by a slight sound at the door, for which she begged my pardon as she crept penitently into bed; but it seems that when I could no longer confirm her belief that the long-lost was really here—under the same roof—she had begun to fear lest it was only a waking dream of hers; that there never had been a Peter sitting by her all that blessed evening—but that the real Peter lay dead far away beneath some wild sea-wave, or under some strange Eastern tree. And so strong had this nervous feeling of hers become that she was fain to get up and go and convince herself that he was really there by listening through the door to his even regular breathing—I don't like to call it snoring, but I heard it myself through two closed doors—and by and bye it soothed Miss Matey to sleep.

I don't believe Mr. Peter came home from India as rich as a Nabob; he even considered himself poor, but neither he nor Miss Matey cared much about that. At any rate he had enough to live upon "very genteelly" at Cranford; he and Miss Matey together. And a day or two after his arrival the shop was closed, while troops of little urchins gleefully awaited the showers of comfits and lozenges that came from time to time down upon their faces as they stood up-gazing at Miss Matey's drawing-room windows. Occasionally Miss Matey would say to them (half hidden behind the curtains), "My dear children, don't make yourselves ill;" but a strong arm pulled her back, and a more rattling shower than ever succeeded. A part of the tea was sent as presents to the Cranford ladies; and some of it was distributed among the old people who remembered Mr. Peter in the days of his frolicsome youth. The India muslin gown was reserved for darling Flora Gordon (Miss Jessie Brown's daughter). The Gordons had been on the Continent for the last few years, but were now expected to return, very soon; and Miss Matey, in her sisterly pride, anticipated great delight in the joy of showing them Mr. Peter. The pearl necklace disappeared; and about that time many handsome and useful presents made their appearance in the households of Miss Pole and Mrs. Forrester; and some rare and delicate Indian ornaments graced the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Jamieson and Mrs. Fitz-Adam. I myself was not forgotten. Among other things, I had the handsomest bound and best edition of Doctor Johnson's works that could be procured; and dear Miss Matey, with tears in her eyes, begged me to consider it as a present from her sister as well as herself. In short, no one was forgotten; and what was more, every one, however insignificant, who had shown kindness to Miss Matey at any time, was sure of Mr. Peter's cordial regard.

It was no wonder that he became such a favourite at Cranford. The ladies vied with each other who should admire him most; and no wonder; for their quiet lives were astonishingly stirred up by the arrival from India—especially as the person arrived told more wonderful stories than Sinbad the sailor; and, as Miss Pole said, was quite as good as an Arabian night any evening. For my own part, I had vibrated all my life between Drumble and Cranford, and I thought it was quite possible that all Mr. Peter's stories might be true, although wonderful; but when I found that if we swallowed an anecdote of tolerable magnitude one week, we had the dose considerably increased the next, I began to have my doubts; especially as I noticed that when his sister was present the accounts of Indian life were comparatively tame; not that she knew more than we did, perhaps less. I noticed also that when the rector came to call, Mr. Peter talked in a different way about the countries he had been in. But I don't think the ladies in Cranford would have considered him such a wonderful traveller if they had only heard him talk in the quiet way he did to him. They liked him the better, indeed, for being what they called "so very Oriental." One day at a select party in his honour, which Miss Pole gave, and from which, as Mrs. Jamieson honoured it with her presence, and had even offered to send Mr. Mulliner to wait, Mr. and Mrs. Hoggins and Mrs. Fitz-Adam were necessarily excluded—one day at Miss Pole's Mr. Peter said he was tired of sitting upright against the hard-backed uneasy chairs, and asked if he might not indulge himself in sitting cross-legged. Miss Pole's consent was eagerly given, and down he went with the utmost gravity. But when Miss Pole asked me, in an audible whisper, "if he did not remind me of the Father of the Faithful?" I could not help thinking of poor Simon Jones the lame tailor; and while Mrs. Jamieson slowly commented on the elegance and convenience of the attitude, I remembered how we had all followed that lady's lead in condemning Mr. Hoggins for vulgarity because he simply crossed his legs as he sate still on his chair. Many of Mr. Peter's ways of eating were a little strange amongst such ladies as Miss Pole, and Miss Matey, and Mrs. Jamieson, especially when I recollected the untasted green peas and two-pronged forks at poor Mr. Holbrook's dinner.

The mention of that gentleman's name recalls to my mind a conversation between Mr. Peter and Miss Matey, one evening in the summer after he returned to Cranford The day had been very hot, and Miss Matey had been much oppressed by the weather; in the heat of which her brother revelled. I remember that she had been unable to nurse Martha's baby; which had become her favourite employment of late, and which was as much at home in her arms as in its mother's, as long as it remained a light weight—portable by one so fragile as Miss Matey. This day to which I refer, Miss Matey had seemed more than usually feeble and languid, and only revived when the sun went down, and her sofa was wheeled to the open window, through which, although it looked into the principal street of Cranford, the fragrant smell of the neighbouring hay-fields came in every now and then, borne by the soft breezes that stirred the dusk air of the summer twilight, and then died away. The silence of the sultry atmosphere was lost in the murmuring-noises which came in from many an open window and door; even the children were abroad in the street, late as it was (between ten and eleven), enjoying the game of play for which they had not had spirits during the heat of the day. It was a source of satisfaction to Miss Matey to see how few candles were lighted even in the apartments of those houses from which issued the greatest signs of life. Mr. Peter, Miss Matey and I, had all been quiet, each with a separate reverie, for some little time, when Mr. Peter broke in—

"Do you know, little Matey, I could have sworn you were on the high road to matrimony when I left England that last time! If anybody had told me you would have lived and died an old maid then, I should have laughed in their faces."

Miss Matey made no reply; and I tried in vain to think of some subject which should effectually turn the conversation; but I was very stupid; and before I spoke, he went on:

"It was Holbrook; that fine manly fellow who lived at ——, that I used to think would carry off my little Matey. You would not think it now, I dare say, Mary! but this sister of mine was once a very pretty girl—at least I thought so; and so I've a notion did poor Holbrook. What business had he to die before I came home to thank him for all his kindness to a good-for-nothing cub as I was? It was that that made me first think he cared for you; for in all our fishing expeditions it was Matey, Matey, we talked about. Poor Deborah! What a lecture she read me on having asked him home to lunch one day when she had seen the Arley carriage in the town, and thought that my lady might call. Well, that's long years ago; more than half a lifetime! and yet it seems like yesterday! I don't know a fellow I should have liked better as a brother-in-law. You must have played your cards badly, my little Matey, somehow or another—wanted your brother to be a good go-between, eh! little one?" said he, putting out his hand to take hold of hers as she lay on the sofa—"Why, what's this? you're shivering and shaking, Matey, with that confounded open window. Shut it, Mary, this minute!"

I did so, and then stooped down to kiss Miss Matey, and see if she really were chilled. She caught at my hand, and gave it a hard squeeze—but unconsciously I think—for in a minute or two she spoke to us quite in her usual voice, and smiled our uneasiness away; although she patiently submitted to the prescriptions we enforced of a warmed bed, and a glass of weak negus. I was to leave Cranford the next day, and before I went I saw that all the effects of the open window had quite vanished. I had superintended most of the alterations necessary in the house and household during the latter weeks of my stay. The shop was once more a parlour; the empty-resounding rooms again furnished up to the very garrets.

There had been some talk of establishing Martha and Jem in another house; but Miss Matey would not hear of this. Indeed I never saw her so much roused as when Miss Pole had assumed it to be the most desirable arrangement. As long as Martha would remain with Miss Matey, Miss Matey was only too thankful to have her about her; yes, and Jem too, who was a very pleasant man to have in the house, for she never saw him from week's end to week's end. And as for the probable children, if they would all turn out such little darlings as her goddaughter Matilda, she should not mind the number, if Martha didn't. Besides, the next was to be called Deborah; a point which Miss Matey had reluctantly yielded to Martha's stubborn determination that her first-born was to be Matilda. So Miss Pole had to lower her colours, and even her voice, as she said to me that as Mr. and Mrs. Hearn were still to go on living in the same house with Miss Matey, we had certainly done a wise thing in hiring Martha's niece as an auxiliary. I left Miss Matey and Mr. Peter most comfortable and contented; the only subject for regret to the tender heart of the one and the social friendly nature of the other being the unfortunate quarrel between Mrs. Jamieson and the plebian Hogginses and their following. In joke I prophesied one day that this would only last until Mrs. Jamieson or Mr. Mulliner were ill, in which case they would only be too glad to be friends with Mr. Hoggins; but Miss Matey did not like my looking forward to anything like illness in so light a manner; and, before the year was out, all had come round in a far more satisfactory way. I received two Cranford letters on one auspicious October morning. Both Miss Pole and Miss Matey wrote to ask me to come over and meet the Gordons, who had returned to England alive and well, with their two children, now almost grown up. Dear Jessie Brown had kept her old kind nature, although she had changed her name and station; and she wrote to say that she and Major Gordon expected to be in Cranford on the fourteenth, and she hoped and begged to be remembered to Mrs. Jamieson (named first, as became her honourable station), Miss Pole, and Miss Matey—could she ever forget their kindness to her poor father and sister? Mrs. Forrester, Mr. Hoggins (and here again came in an allusion to kindness shown to the dead long ago), his new wife, who as such must allow Mrs. Gordon to desire to make her acquaintance, and who was moreover an old Scotch friend of her husband's. In short, every one was named, from the rector—who had been appointed to Cranford in the interim between Captain Brown's death and Miss Jessie's marriage, and was now associated with the latter event—down to Miss Betty Barker—all were asked to the luncheon; all except Mrs. Fitz-Adam, who had come to live in Cranford since Miss Jessie Brown's days, and whom I found rather moping on account of the omission. People wondered at Miss Betty Barker's being included in the honourable list; but then, as Miss Pole said, we must remember the disregard of the genteel proprieties of life in which the poor captain had educated his girls; and for his sake we swallowed our pride; indeed Mrs. Jamieson rather took it as a compliment, as putting Miss Betty (formerly *her* maid) on a level with "those Hogginses."

But, when I arrived in Cranford, nothing was as yet ascertained of Mrs. Jamieson's own intentions; would the honourable lady go, or would she not? Mr. Peter declared that she should and she would; Miss Pole shook her head and desponded. But Mr. Peter was a man of resources. In the first place, he persuaded Miss Matey to write to Mrs. Gordon, and to tell her of Mrs. Fitz-Adam's existence, and to beg that one so kind, and cordial, and generous, might be included in the pleasant invitation. An answer came back by return of post, with a pretty little note for Mrs. Fitz-Adam, and a request that Miss Matey would deliver it herself and explain the previous omission. Mrs. Fitz-Adam was as pleased as could be, and thanked Miss Matey over and over again. Mr. Peter had said, "Leave Mrs. Jamieson to me;" so we did; especially as we knew nothing that we could do to alter her determination if once formed. I did not know, nor did Miss Matey, how things were going on, until Miss Pole asked me, just the day before Mrs. Gordon came, if I thought there was anything between Mr. Peter and Mrs. Jamieson in the matrimonial line, for that Mrs. Jamieson was really going to the lunch at the George. She had sent Mr. Mulliner down to desire that there might be a foot-stool put to the warmest seat in the room, as she meant to come, and knew that their chairs were very high. Miss Pole had picked this piece of news up, and from it she conjectured all sorts of things, and bemoaned yet more. "If Peter should marry, what would become of poor dear Miss Matey! And Mrs. Jamieson, of all people!" Miss Pole seemed to think there were other ladies in Cranford who would have done more credit to his choice, and I think she must have had some one who was unmarried in her head, for she kept saying, "It was so wanting in delicacy in a widow to think of such a thing."

When I got back to Miss Matey's, I really did begin to think that Mr. Peter might be thinking of Mrs. Jamieson for a wife; and I was as unhappy as Miss Pole about it. He had the proof-sheet of a great placard in his hand. "Signor Brunoni, Magician to the King of Delhi, the Rajah of Oude, and the Great Lama of Thibet, &c. &c., was going to perform in Cranford for one night only," the very next night; and Miss Matey, exultant, showed me a letter from the Gordons, promising to remain over this gaiety, which Miss Matey said was entirely Peter's doing. He had written to ask the Signor to come, and was to be at all the expenses of the affair. Tickets were to be sent gratis to as many as the room would hold. In short, Miss Matey was charmed with the plan, and said that to-morrow Cranford would remind her of the Preston Guild to which she had been in her youth—a luncheon at the George, with the dear Gordons, and the Signor in the Assembly-room in the evening. But I—I looked only at the fatal words—

"*Under the Patronage of the* HONOURABLE MRS. JAMIESON."

She, then, was chosen to preside over this entertainment of Mr. Peters; she was perhaps going to displace my dear Miss Matey in his heart, and make her life lonely once more! I could not look forward to the morrow with any pleasure; and every innocent anticipation of Miss Matey's only served to add to my annoyance. So, angry and irritated, and exaggerating every little incident which could add to my irritation, I went on till we were all assembled in the great parlour at the George. Major and Mrs. Gordon and pretty Flora and Mr. Ludovic were all as bright and handsome and friendly as could be; but I could hardly attend to them for watching Mr. Peter, and I saw that Miss Pole was equally busy. I had never seen Mrs. Jamieson so roused and animated before; her face looked full of interest in what Mr. Peter was saying. I drew near to listen. My relief was great when I caught that his words were not words of love, but that, for all his grave face, he was at his old tricks. He was telling her of his travels in India, and describing the wonderful height of the Himalaya mountains: one touch after another added to their size; and each exceeded the former in absurdity; but Mrs. Jamieson really enjoyed all in perfect good faith. I suppose she required strong stimulants to excite her to come out of her apathy. Mr. Peter wound up his account by saying that, of course, at that altitude there were none of the animals to be found that existed in the lower regions; the game—everything was different. Firing one day at some flying creature, he was very much dismayed, when it fell, to find that he had shot a cherubim! Mr. Peter caught my eye at this moment, and gave me such a funny twinkle, that I felt sure he had no thoughts of Mrs. Jamieson as a wife, from that time. She looked uncomfortably amazed:

"But Mr. Peter—shooting a cherubim—don't you think—I am afraid that was sacrilege!"

Mr. Peter composed his countenance in a moment, and appeared shocked at the idea; which, as he said truly enough, was now presented to him for the first time; but then Mrs. Jamieson must remember that he had been living for a long time among savages—all of whom were heathens—some of them, he was afraid, were downright Dissenters. Then, seeing Miss Matey draw near, he hastily changed the conversation, and after a little while, turning to me he said, "Don't be shocked, prim little Mary, at all my wonderful stories; I consider Mrs. Jamieson fair game, and besides, I am bent on propitiating her, and the first step towards it is keeping her well awake. I bribed her here by asking her to let me know her name as patroness for my poor conjuror this evening; and I don't want to give her time enough to get up her rancour against the Hogginses, who are just coming in. I want everybody to be friends, for it harasses Matey so much to hear of these quarrels. I shall go at it again, by and bye, so you need not look shocked. I intend to enter the Assembly-room to-night with Mrs. Jamieson on one side, and my lady Mrs. Hoggins on the other. You see if I don't."

Somehow or another he did; and fairly got them into conversation together. Major and Mrs. Gordon helped at the good work with their perfect ignorance of any existing coolness between any of the inhabitants of Cranford.

Ever since that day there has been the old friendly sociability in Cranford Society; which I am thankful for, because of my dear Miss Matey's love of peace and kindliness. We all love Miss Matey, and I somehow think we are all of us better when she is near us.—*Household Words.*

A LADY TRAVELLER AMONGST CANNIBALS.

MR. PETERMANN has just received a letter from that most singular of travellers, Madame Pfeiffer, describing her recent visit to Java, and her journey thence to Sumatra. The dangers through which she has passed do not appear to have quenched her love of travel; and perhaps this is not to be wondered at, when we remember that she believes herself to be under "the especial protection of Providence," and little cares whether her death "may happen a few years sooner or later."

On her way into the interior of Sumatra to visit a great lake, she found the country full of tigers, rhinoceroses, and elephants; but did not heed them much as long as the sun was above the horizon—and cantered along for hours together through dense forests and savannahs covered with *alang-alang*, a kind of grass, growing from three to six feet high.

A WOMAN IN DANGER.

"During the first three days my journey was exceedingly toilsome. Forests, which would be quite impenetrable had not rhinoceroses made narrow tracks across them in all directions, covered the country as far as the eye could reach—and where the ground was free from trees, the *alang-alang* grew so high that the tops collapsed over my head as I worked my way through them. Sometimes we climbed over steep rocky hills; and then suddenly came down again into large sloughs and swamps, where I left my shoes behind me, and on crawling out found, besides mire and dirt, my legs covered with little leeches, with which all these pools are crowded. The wounds inflicted by the cutting *alang-alang* were exceedingly painful, and in the woods thorns were so plentiful that numbers would stick fast in my legs and feet—which I left there till resting time, when some good-natured Batack would draw them out with the aid of a knife which was anything but well-pointed. Two of these people saved my life while I was crossing a deep river, the rapid current of which carried me off. No day passed without rain—and I had no dry clothes to change with. One night we passed in a forest under lofty trees—and there I was in fear of snakes and tigers. My couch was the naked, cool ground; and more than once was I obliged to lie down without having eaten anything but some dry rice par-boiled in water without any addition of butter. On the night of our bivouac in the wood, they cooked the rice after a fashion quite new to me. They first laid the grains on some large leaves, which after being rolled up, with the rice inside, in the shape of a sausage, were put into hollow pieces of fresh bamboo cut for the purpose. A little water having been poured down each piece, they placed them over burning embers, where they remained till they began to burn in their turn. Then they were taken off, and the contents consumed. It was a considerable time before the pipes caught fire, owing to the green and juicy state of the bamboo."

At the first village of the Batacks, she met with a Rajah, for whom she had a letter and was well received. The people performed in her honour a sort of dance with which they generally celebrate public excursions:

THE CANNIBALS' FESTIVAL.

"A 'sarang,' representing a man, having been tied to a pole, which stood for a tree, they danced round it to the measure of their music. After a while, one of the performers, leaping from the ring, pierced the figure of the fettered man with his *parang*, or cutlass, and was followed by a second and a third, till the whole set had plunged their swords in the body of the supposed victim. He who deals the first blow enjoys some privileges in eating the dead body. The victims being considered to be dead, they made the pantomine of cutting off his head; then, they placed the head of the buffalo calf on the top of the figure, and continued their wild gyrations round the body. From time to time a performer, leaving the ring, seized the head and sucked the blood which dropped from the severed neck, while others, throwing themselves over a mat on which the head had been lying, greedily licked the gore with which it was covered. There was nothing wild or passionate in their looks, but they appeared to be in excellent humour, as if they amused themselves vastly. Whenever a real criminal or prisoner is put to death in this manner, the Rajah receives the nose, ears, and under part of the feet, as the most delicate parts, next to which the cheeks, the palm of the hand, and the liver are most esteemed."

The day after the festival Madame Pfeiffer started for new scenes Since 1835, when the Batacks killed and devoured two missionaries, the appearance of Europeans among these people had become a rare phenomenon; hence, the news of her visit spread through the country like wildfire.

A SCENE OF TERROR.

"On approaching a *uta* I found the whole male population, armed with spears, swords, and *parangs*, assembled at the entrance, and myself soon surrounded by a crowd looking savage and horrible beyond all description. The men were tall and strong — but frightfully ugly, with tremendous mouths, and the upper jaws not only projecting, but in many cases furnished with teeth protruding like tusks. Some had their hair long, others short, when it would stand off the head like bristles; and they had covered their heads either with a dirty cotton cloth, or with neat straw caps resembling square baskets, many, however, having only a coloured rag or a straw ribbon tied round them. Their ears were all perforated, the hole being large enough to admit one or two cigars, which they kept there as in a case. They were decently dressed; *sarang* covering the lower part of the body and legs as far down as the calves, and another (*sarong*) the upper part. But their cries were horrible; and they made the most frightful gesticulations indicating that they would not allow me to proceed—such as putting the hand to the throat to make me think of my own, or gnawing the flesh of their arms as a hint that they would eat me. I had, however, seen too many similar scenes to be frightened—and soon succeeded in smoothing their temper by gentle words and a quiet, confiding conduct. My language made them laugh; they offered to shake hands with me—and ere long I sat among them protected by the most sacred laws of hospitality. A trifle is sufficient to enrage savage people, and a trifle will make them friends again. This I always kept in view."

Notwithstanding the endurance of many hardships, Madame Pfeiffer did not see the lake, although she was within sixteen or seventeen miles of it. "No one would accompany me, there being a feud between them and the people of Ayer-Tah. I had penetrated about a dozen of paal further inland than other Europeans. What saved me, were, my sex and my confidence. Both the Batacks and the Dyaks told me that I must be a superhuman being, or I would not have ventured to come among them without any assistance and protection."

At the date of her letter (Surabaya, December 12, 1852), Madame Pfeiffer had again returned to Java; whence she intended to depart, the same day, for the Molucca Islands, with the ultimate object of reaching New Guinea, and exploring the interior of that country, which has never been visited by any Europeans.—(*London*) *Weekly Chronicle.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

SOME French savans have called a meeting of philologists from the different countries of Europe, to be held at Paris some time during the ensuing month, to devise means for adopting an universal language.

—— THE *Espana* announces that the general autograph chart of the pilot Juan de la Cossa, the companion of Columbus in his discovery of the New World, has been purchased in Paris, by order of the Spanish Government, for the sum of 4,000*f*. It lately belonged to Baron Walkenaer, whose library was sold weeks ago in Paris.

—— ANTIQUITY OF THE MAGNIFYING GLASS.—It is a curious circumstance that a *bona fide* magnifying glass, identified by Sir David Brewster as decidedly and designedly such, was recently found by Mr. Layard in one of the temples at Nineveh. Mr. Layard says that many of the cuneiform inscriptions and other smaller sculptures are so delicately cut and so minute as to be "almost unintelligible without a magnifying-glass."

—— THE PIOUS EMPEROR.—On insincerity, affectation, and cant, Foster was unsparingly sarcastic. Some years ago, the Emperor Alexander's piety was a favourite theme at public meetings. A person who received the statements on this point with, as Foster thought, a far too easy faith, remarked to him, that really the emperor must be a very good man "Yes, sir," he replied, gravely, but with a very significant glance—"a very good man, very devout; no doubt he said grace before he swallowed Poland."—*Life and Correspondence of John Foster.*

—— UNCLE TOM IN ITALY.—It would appear that the Neapolitans have made a very free version of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' for in a letter dated the 9th, we see it stated that in a drama on the subject—"George's wife is made to be the daughter of Uncle Tom, that he may display his love of truth in refusing to disown her even to save her from her oppressors. Instead of the mother and child escaping by aid of the Birds, they are caught in Mr. Bird's house. St. Clair, instead of being killed, becomes bankrupt, and his slaves, for whom he had prepared a kind of emancipation, are sold by order of justice. George appears at the sale, purchases his wife, proves his own freedom, and claims the slave dealer himself as a fugitive slave although almost white. He then threatens his life with a pistol, that the good Tom may throw himself before his tyrant, and with an acknowledgment of the *giustizia di Dio*, the curtain falls amidst loud applause."

—— THE WEIMS FAMILY.—The *Gateshead Observer* publishes the following extract from a letter dated Washington, March 16th: "Catherine Weims is a young and handsome girl of eighteen, almost white. On Monday last, she was, by law, a *chattel*, a thing of merchandise. Through your kind efforts, and those of your generous-hearted associates, this legal chattel, at twelve o'clock on that day, sat in my office, with her father, happy and free! You will have learned, before this reaches you, through my letters to Mr. ——, that Catherine will be protected in a good family for the present, while I seek to recover the others, whose locality is well known, and whose freedom shall be accomplished, if possible, and as fast as prudence will permit me to move. With all my heart I thank you, and the dear friends who have so nobly responded to your call for the redemption of this family from Slavery." From another source we hear (says our contemporary) that the slaveholders of Alabama have heard of the British subscription, and are asking an extravagant price for the remainder of the family.

—— THE IMPORT TRADE IN HUMAN HAIR.—This hair is the finest and most silken black hair that can be procured. Light hair all comes from Germany, where it is collected by a company of *Dutch farmers*, who come over for orders once a year. It would appear that either the fashion or the necessity of England has, within a recent period, completely altered the relative demands from the two countries. Forty years ago, according to one of the first in the trade, the light German hair alone was called for, and he almost raved about a peculiar golden tint which was supremely prized, and which his father used to keep very close, only producing it to favourite customers, in the same manner that our august sherry-lord, or hock-herr, spares to particular friends—or now and then, it is said, to influential literary characters—a few magnums of some rare and renowned vintage. This treasured article he sold at 8s an ounce—nearly double the price of silver. Now all this has passed away—and the dark shades of brown from France are chiefly called for. Our informant, venturing boldly into a subject wherewith ethnologists fear to tackle, delivers it as his opinion that the colour of the hair of English people has changed within the last half-century, and that the great intercourse since the war with southern nations has deepened by many tints the predominating Saxon blond of our forefathers. The same intelligent prompter assured us that any one accustomed to deal in hair could tell by *smell* alone the difference between German and French hair—nay, that he himself "when his nose was in" could discriminate between Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and English hair! The destination of the imported article is of course principally the poudoirs of our fashionable world, and the glossy ringlets which the poor peasant girl of Tours parted with for a few sous, as a nest-egg towards her dowry, have doubtless aided in procuring "a suitable helpmate" for some blue spinster or fast dowager of Mayfair.—*Quarterly Review*

—— CHARACTER OF ROUSSEAU.—Among the men who, during the eighteenth century, aided in the terrific revolution of opinion in France, Rousseau was the most extraordinary. His moral character, his religious theories, even his political principles, were problems which he bequeathed to posterity. Unlike all other human beings, as he was, he only perplexed the world more hopelessly by endeavouring to describe himself. Before his *Confessions* were published there was a cloud about him; but when these appeared, though part of the old mystery was dispelled, a new one, by far more impenetrable, was created Accordingly, many as the writers are who have investigated the idiosyncracies of Rousseau, not one has secured the concurrence of mankind with his views There is still confusion; there are still contradictory ideas. To some the Genevese sophist is even now an inspired idiot; to others an impostor, mad with vanity; a philosopher to the remnants of the Academy, a maniac to the relics of the Sorbonne. A whole cabinet of literature is divided, therefore, between the apologists, the panegyrists, the detractors, the libellers, and the temperate critics of Rousseau. Burke paints him as a wild conspirator, with a rainbow fancy, a pen bewitching by its eloquence, and a mind plunged into delirium by the study of phantasies. Lord John Russell commemorates him as the false oracle of Geneva, pursuing an ideal of social virtue, losing himself in searching it; but converting and deluding an entire people. Baruel points him out as a bewildered dreamer, a criminal with redeeming qualities, one of the most dangerous that ever lived, because his sophisms were so persuasive; but not one of the worst, because none could approach in audacity the powerful but repulsive genius of Voltaire. The French drink in his doctrines, and venerate his ashes in the Pantheon; the Germans reject his theories as too serial to be in unison with theirs; the English read his "Confessions," admire his sentimental reveries, neglect his political works, and vituperate or ridicule his name. In this manner the discussion has gone on through more than half a century, and new apologists or detractors appear at intervals to assist in elucidating or obscuring the truth.—*Eclectic Review.*